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P O E M S,

CONSISTING OF

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

AND

TWO TRAGEDIES.

BY THE LATE
JAMES MYLNE, AT LOCHILL.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY DUNDAS OF MELVILLE,

TREASURER OF THE NAVY, &c.

S I R,

WHEN I do myself the honour of dedicating this book to you, I only fulfil the wishes of a much lamented parent: For I know well, had that modesty, which gave his character its marked, and peculiar distinction, ever permitted him to publish any thing himself, that he would have sought protection for it under your name. You, Sir, encouraged and directed his first poetical flights; and, it ought to be recorded to your immortal honour, that, in the high rank in which you have long stood,
and

and amidst a multiplicity of the most important national concerns, you continued to remember and love the friend of your early youth. It is not uncommon to fill the page of dedication with exaggerated praise: But though your character and abilities in public life afford ample subject for exalted panegyric, it is beyond my sphere to write of such high matters.— But the virtues which adorn your private character, as they accord with the feelings of every honest heart, it is the business of every honest heart to applaud. I know, that minds warped by prejudice, or enflamed by party, will paint the most honourable scenes of life with dark and unseemly colouring: But, if it ever shall happen that you retire from that exalted station, where the best of men are exposed to the shafts of envy and faction, it will then be believed by the world, as it is at present known to your friends, that you are as amiable in private, as respectable in public life; and that
your

your interest has been uniformly, and often successfully exerted in favour of merit and virtue, and with a view to promote those men who have proved both an advantage and ornament to their country. That you, Sir, may preserve that attachment to your Sovereign, that regard for the constitution, and that love for your country, which have distinguished your past life, and raised you high in the esteem of every good subject, is the most ardent wish of him, who is, with the greatest respect and veneration,

S I R,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

GEORGE MYLNE.



P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following poetical pieces lives only in the remembrance of his friends; and there he will live, as long as unaffected modesty, warm, and generous feelings, an amiable simplicity of manners, and uncorrupted integrity of heart, are regarded and cultivated among men.—His genius led him in an early period of life to poetry; and his taste in that line of composition was afterwards cultivated and improved by a regular and liberal academical education, and an acquaintance with the best ancient and modern poets.

The pieces being now at the bar of the public, the proper judge of all literary merit, it would be idle, as well as unavailing, to say any thing in their praise. To excuse, however, trivial faults, it is but just to observe, that they come into the world with all the disadvantages which can possibly attend posthumous publications; none of them having been prepared for the public eye, nor received the last corrections of the Author. They were written in the midst of many avocations, and a multiplicity of family and professional concerns; and it has often been a matter of astonishment to his
intimate

intimate friends, that the social intercourse, and real business, in which they knew he was engaged, permitted him to sacrifice so much of his time and labours to the muses.—Had they received his last correcting hand, they would have been less open to the cavils of criticism: For, though they have been seen, and read by many gentlemen of learning and taste, they have undergone no very material alterations or amendments. Although the minor critic, who measures every performance with the line and compass, may perhaps find some small foundation for exercising his skill; it is hoped, that the reader of feeling and taste will be delighted with many beautiful verses, and meet with many passages of real poetic merit.—With respect to their moral tendency, I am persuaded the most scrupulous reader will find nothing to disgust or offend him.—The Author himself was a man of virtue: And to shew “Virtue in her own shape how lovely;” to inculcate the practice of it as favourable to our own felicity; and to point out misery and shame as the unvaried consequences of guilt and dishonour, will, I trust, be found to be the principal and ultimate object of his writings.

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P O E M S, ETC.

O D E

TO MR. H. D. WHEN AT THE GRAMMAR
SCHOOL OF DALKEITH.

THE stream of time still rolling on,
While we its current scarcely see,
In silence hastes to carry down
Whate'er is now, whate'er shall be.

The strongest castles, highest tow'rs
That wasting stream will level lay,
And beauty's bloom and spring-time's flow'rs
As soon as seen will sweep away.

What now the most important seems,
Or fondly fills the youthful mind,
Shall soon become like last year's dreams,
Which now have left no trace behind.

A

This

This friendship too that warms our breast
 Will soon, my HENRY, be forgot!
 For how can friendship long exist
 With friends of such unequal lot?

Thy birth, thy merit, may ascend
 To highest honours in the state!
 Wilt thou remember then a friend,
 So far beneath thee plac'd by fate?

Away false fears that injure *him*!
 Hence low distrust of *my* desert!
 If I deserve his love, no time
 Shall wear me from my HENRY's heart!

In youth yon oak and ivy join'd;
 Not equal they! Yet close they grow
 Time has their boughs so interwin'd,
 No force can them dis sever now.

E P I S T L E.

My Muse, sure, when she fram'd these rhimes
 At school, dream'd of the present times!
 At your desire the rhimes were fram'd:
 Perhaps my HENRY likewise dream'd,

The

The simile of the oak and ivy,
 (Had I not been compell'd to leave thee)
 Were to our case so applicable,
 John Gay had spun it to a fable!
 Though less than Gay, I mean to try it.
 I'll stick it. Well! What lose I by it?

A F A B L E.

THE OAK, THE IVY, AND THE SAGE.

IN nursery, happy with each other,
 An oak and ivy grew together,
 So close, that all who did them see
 Thought them one individual tree.
 And comelier far the tree thus seem'd,
 Than either had apart been deem'd.
 The ivy, green through all the year,
 Did on the oak so gay appear,
 That he, before his leaves were blown,
 Rejoic'd in th' ivy's as his own:
 And as he rear'd his stately top,
 So high his friend was carried up,
 That all the nursery thought this ivy
 Would grow a tree fit for the navy.

A 2

The

The creeping thing so lofty rose,
 He at his betters toss'd his nose.
 So you've seen other fav'rites do
 Rais'd on such props above their due.

One April morning fair and mild,
 All nature with the season smil'd,
 New flowers, new verdure cloth'd the plains,
 The groves resound with new love-strains;
 Like nature smiling, thus the oak
 To his beloved ivy spoke:

My Ivy! thus we'll ever grow.
 Thee twisted round my highest bough,
 I'll as a crown of laurel wear,
 And make thee all my honours share,
 If e'er I grow a mighty tree
 My Ivy too shall rise with me.

Alas, my Oak! the Ivy cry'd,
 Fate has to me that bliss deny'd.
 Had I one wish, that wish should be
 To rise, to stand, to fall with thee;
 And thus th' unfading wreath to grow
 Of fame, that must adorn thy brow.
 No thunder, rain, or snow, or hail,
 Should thee before thy friend assail;

No breeze pestiferous from the east,
 Untimely should thy leaves divest;
 No rot corrupt thy noblest part,
 The true red timber of thy heart!——
 But thou from best of acorns sprung,
 So straight so vigorous while so young,
 Shalt soon be from thine Ivy torn,
 And to the royal forest borne;
 Where thou no axe or saw shalt feel
 Till fit to be a first-rate keel.
 Whilst I, whom foresters despise,
 Bereft of ev'ry hope to rise,
 Must, by some trifling florist planted,
 In a poor shrub'ry, creep contented.

The planters came, while yet he spoke,
 And to the forest bore the oak;
 Where, though he has but short while stood,
 You see his top o'er all the wood.—

The Ivy, in a shrub'ry planted,
 Creeps on forgot, not discontented:
 Though once, 'tis said, a secret sigh
 Betray'd a wish to rise more high.
 A sage-bush, that within him grew,
 And all his thoughts and wishes knew,
 Beheld that wish, though half suppress'd,
 And in these words his friend address'd:

Faith,

SAGE.

Faith, Master Ivy, I must tell you,
 You are not quite that happy fellow
 Which by the world you would be thought :
 Repining at your humble lot,
 You often to the forest look,
 With envy on yon lofty oak.
 I see you think that were you yonder,
 Like him you'd fill the world with wonder.

IVY.

Yon oak was once my friend : With him,
 I own, I almost wish'd to climb.

SAGE.

The foresters would ne'er allow
 Such hurtful weeds on him to grow.
 With all your boasted ever-green,
 You there had but a nuisance been.
 From such fine trees you had been cut,
 Torn down, and trampled under foot.
 Climb in the forest ! Could you lick
 The feet of some old crazy stick,
 Who wants your leaves to hide some part
 That might betray his rotten heart ;

His

His hollow heart where swallows sleep,
 Or pois'nous asps and adders creep.
 You might mount o'er his withering top.

IVY.

What! mount on such a rotten prop,
 Where I should fear at ev'ry squall,
 To share a corrupt patron's fall?
 I would not crawl through dirt to rise,
 Or join with one whom I despise.
 By vice procur'd, the highest place,
 Instead of honour brings disgrace.

SAGE.

Not crawl through dirt? Not rise with vice?
 You're for the forest much too nice!
 The forest! No: We're better here,
 Where squalls, where tempests bring no fear.
 In th' hurricane that lately blew,
 And half the forest overthrew,
 Tall oaks came thundering to the ground,
 The loftiest trees all scatter'd round;
 While safe and shelter'd, we unhurt,
 And fearless here laugh'd at the sport.

IVY.

IVY.

You're right, good Sage ! I must confess,
 That here, although our pleasure's less,
 'Tis more secure. No storms annoy,
 No fears disturb our equal joy.
 Here, though at no great distance seen,
 Our leaves through all the year are green.

SAGE.

Your pleasure less ! That scarce I grant.
 What joys have they that here you want ?
 The winged beauties of the groves
 Safe in your shade enjoy their loves ;
 Among your leaves forever gay
 The little minstrels sing and play :
 From summer's heat, from winter's wind,
 They there a friendly shelter find ;
 And there in grateful tribute bring
 The earliest music of the spring.
 Here fully fed in fertile ground ;
 You various send your shoots around.
 While rising o'er the garden wall,
 You seem the greatest of us all.

IVY.

IVY.

'This place indeed best suits our nature;
 I own we could be no where better.

POET.

The simile's to a fable spun;
 So long, you thought 'twould ne'er be done!
 'Twould tire you, else I still were able
 To make an Epic of my fable.
 You hate long-winded allegory:
 And so do I.—*End of the story.*

Prefuming you have no objections,
 I'll yet intrude——

A FEW REFLECTIONS.

The man can never hope to shine
 That's plac'd in an improper line.
 For nature his attempts would frustrate.
 This three examples will illustrate.

I.

If Cicero had been our shaver,
 He had plagu'd us with his clishmaclaver

B

2. Had

2.

Had Cæsar at my plough been bred,
 He had broke, no doubt, his master's head ;
 Been sent to jail—made a recruit.—
 Sure th' army would his genius suit !
 He had mutiny'd—his captain bang'd,
 And been, instead of Emp'ror,—hang'd.

3.

Suppose our places chang'd awhile :
 You at this supposition smile.
 But, Sir, in my place, you'd been dub'd
 The Preses of an alehouse club.
 There your great senatorial thunder
 Had made knaves envy, blockheads wonder.
 You had given your little senate laws ;
 Your word had ended ev'ry cause ;
 For skill in politics and tillage,
 You'd been renown'd through all the village.
 If you had pleas'd a book to write
 You had been as great as A— W—,
 But what had I done in your place ?
 This stammering tongue ! this sheepish face !
 A statesman ! Humph ! Alas ! alas ?

A S O N G.

Tune, Woe's my heart that we shou'd sunder.

WITH Delia's easy kindness cloy'd,
 'Twas little now that Damon priz'd her;
 And whilst she at his parting cry'd,
 He with this cruel song advis'd her.
 If, Delia, e'er you set your mind
 Upon a youth with mettle in him,
 Seem not too ready to be kind,
 For that way you shall never win him.

No foldier boasts th' inglorious field,
 That's gain'd with little opposition:
 Nor can that love a pleasure yield,
 Which gives no fuel to ambition.
 We're proud to seize the swiftest game;
 We're proud to gain the richest treasure:
 Ev'n love, without the hopes of fame,
 Is but a dull insipid pleasure.

'Tis

'Tis hence the haughty youth dislikes
 The easy maid that fondly woes him ;
 And, like a spaniel, courts the stripes
 Of her that boldly dares abuse him.
 Then, Delia, justly prize your charms.
 When Colin courts, with caution trust him ;
 And, if you'd bind him in your arms,
 Seem still determin'd thence to thrust him !

If he turn cold, affect disdain ;
 Seem careless, you shall yet enslave him ;
 And drag him, in your beauty's chain,
 To marriage, or—where'er you'd have him.
 Thus Damon sung, and laughing fled.
 Delia, too late her error finding,
 Wip'd her sad eyes ; and, sighing, said,
 The song is worth a lady's minding.

A S C O T S S O N G.

I.

HOW pleafant ance were Lothian's plains !
Joy fung in ev'ry cottage there !
Trig were our maidens, blyth our fwains,
At ev'ry wedding, feaft, and fair !
Nae wedding now, nae fair, nae feaft,
Can fill our maids or fwains wi' glee.
Care fighs in ev'ry thoughtfu' breast,
And fadnefs lours in ilka eye.

II.

These views of Forth nae mair can pleafe ;
Now summer fields nae mair feem gay :
Joy flies, with competence and eafe,
Frae Lothian's groaning fwains away !
Ance winter's fharpeft froft and fnaw,
In plenty warm, we didna fear ;
But now the blasts of poortith blaw,
Mair sharp than winter's a' the year.

III.

Now nappy ale and punch nae mair,
At Christmas, fhall our fwains folace ;
Where

Where vig'rous age forgot his care,
Amidst his childrens pratling race.
Nae sturdy youth at bullets plies ;
Unhanded wastes the curling-stane ;
Useless in stour the golf-club lies,
And pipers waste their wind in vain.

IV.

Nae mair shall love-pair'd couples glow,
With raptures down the rural dance ;
And marks of artless passion flow
From heart to heart, with ev'ry glance !
In joyful clubs nae mair we stroll,
The garden of its sweets to strip ;
Where happy Love aft slyly stole
Far dearer sweets frae Beauty's lip.

V.

Nae mair the fwain by flow'ry pease,
Or whitening hedge, the virgin leads.
How sweet the fragrance of the breeze !
Her breath that sweetness far exceeds !
When lasses wade, or wash their claes,
With kilted coats upon the knee,
Nae pawky fwains keek o'er the braes
Or cares the whitest legs to see !

VI.

And when they to the milking gang,
Nae jokesome shepherd brings the cow :
Alane they hum some dreary sang ;
What swains dow kifs or towzle now ?
Dark Winter hears nae sang mair gay,
Than *Margaret's Ghost*, or *Forest Flowers*,
Which in their prime were wed away
By cruel fate——Ah ! fae are ours !

VII.

Sing nae blyth fangs, yea beauteous quire !
Each fair-wrought lad as stiff's a rung,
Wad fa' asleep beside the fire,
Though *John*, come kifs me now ye sung !
But ken ye whence our sorrow's spring ?
Our greedy lairds bear a' the blame.
What ance made mony a tenant sing,
Now hardly steghs ae landlord's wame !

VIII.

While sumptuously ye eat and drink,
Does it ne'er sting your conscious breast,
Ah, cruel luxury ! to think
He starves whose toil procur'd the feast.
Here heartless coofs may toil and pine,
Some rigid tyrant's willing slaves ;
But freedom shall be ever mine ?
There's freedom yet beyond the waves !

MELPOMENE

MELPOMENE AND THALIA,

A S O N G.

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

MELPOMENE, a nymph divine,
Once conquer'd with majestic grace;
While wisdom gay, with wit benign,
Charm'd in Thalia's smiling face.
This fung gay notes, that plaintive strains;
Soft raptures fir'd each tender breast.
Ador'd they were by all our swains:
But Willie far outshone the rest.

Sweet songs he fung in both their praise;
Fair flow'rs he bound on either brow:
And they crown'd him with wond'rous bays,
Which greener as they elder grew.
Fair sisters! who shall sing your praise?
Who for your brows shall pick the flow'r?
Whose temples shall you crown with bays?
Your Willie sings, alas! no more.

Davie,

Davie, the pride of Britain's fwains,
 So charms you with the dance and fong,
 That ev'n your Willie's matchlefs ftrains
 Sound fweeter now from Davie's tongue.
 So well can he your garlands trim,
 So well can he adjust your drefs,
 In ev'ry point you credit him,
 Before your faithful looking-glafs.

But Davie, of your favours proud,
 Now ev'ry where his pow'r would boast;
 And, to amaze the gaping croud,
 Arrays you like each reigning toaft.
 Farcia, (the lighteft of her kind,
 Who roars with drunkards thro' the town;
 Who with mad fquires will chace the hind,
 Or romp about with a dragoon;)

With rough fongs makes the taverns ring;
 Davie to you thefe fongs repeats;
 Like the buffoon he bids you fmg,
 And rival her in monkey feats.
 Thofe feats the maid of princely grace,
 With ftrangely awkward meannefs apes;
 And the fweet lafs of fmiling face
 Puts on her mad diftorted fshapes.

C.

Where

Where they appear in this disguise;
 They raise no sweetly-tender flame;
 Genius and wit their songs despise,
 And true taste blushes at their shame;
 And of this change is Davie proud?
 Ah, Davie! thou hast little cause:
 What boots it to amaze the croud,
 If Wit and Taste refuse applause?

What pity, Davie! thy sweet tongue,
 Which warbles well the purest lays,
 Should be debas'd by Farcia's song?
 Or thou be fond of Folly's praise?
 Such praises, Davie! yet despise;
 Delude the lovely pair no more;
 Let wit and taste their beauty prize,
 Their former fame and thine restore!

TO A LADY IN ENGLAND, WHO HAD EX-
ACTED THE AUTHOR'S PROMISE THAT HE
WOULD WRITE TO HER A WITTY LETTER.

*Thae second-sighted folks (his peace be here!)
See things far aff, and things to come, as clear
As I can see my thumb.—*

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

DEAR KITTY,

OF Scotsmen's second-sight you'll find,
In Johnson's Tour, fine stories:
Whate'er will much affect our mind,
Though distant, seems before us.
To prove the Doctor tells you true,
Though Englishmen may wonder,
I'll let you know I talk with you
Four hundred miles asunder.

I heard you say to your aunt last night;
(Say, Michael, did'nt you hear it?)
" Friend Mylne is lazy fure to write!
" How thinks he I should bear it?

" He promis'd me, a year ago,
" Some witty lines and clever.
" He promis'd much ! Ay so does one
" Who means to pay us never.

" Shall we have clever English rhimes
" From that poor side of Tweed,
" Where hungry bards in frozen climes
" Can scarce our language read ?
" Thinks he poor Scotland's alloy'd brass
" Would pass with us for better ?
" I'll have my debt in sterling cash ;
" Or hold him still my debtor."

Four hundred miles this dunning sound
I heard, with spirits sinking :
Fatal as Shylock's was the bond,
Which I subscrib'd unthinking.
The bond's unpaid : The forfeit due :
For witless is my sonnet.
Should Kitty, cruel as the Jew,
Insist with rigour on it ;

I've only poor Antonio's way :
Since I like him am bound,
And have no wit wherewith to pay,
Take of my heart a pound.

* * * *

DESOLATION,

D E S O L A T I O N,

A P A S T O R A L.

COLIN, ASPER, AND MENALCAS.

COLIN.

'T WERE better, Asper, to continue here;
Like me, be frugal, if your farm be dear;
Late end your toil, and early rise to work.

ASPER.

I'll rather bear a musket for the Turk!
All other slaves get food from those they serve:
For cruel masters farmers toil, and starve!

COLIN.

You yet may get a tolerable lease!

ASPER.

Where is the landlord now that gives us these?

COLIN.

COLIN.

Still there are such !

ASPER.

In Scotland ?

COLIN.

Two or three
Take pleasure yet a thriving swain to see,
In their dependent's happiness rejoice,
And help industrious honesty to rise.

ASPER.

Are their old tenants never turn'd away,
Helpless in age and indigence to stray ?

COLIN.

No ! If mischance their swains to hardships drive,
They ease his wants, and help him still to thrive.

ASPER.

Then they, some future shepherd's grateful
theme,
Shall live with *Cockburn* in immortal fame :
While these proud Squires, who now seem
men of note,
Shall, with the deer they've swallow'd, lie forgot.

COLIN.

COLIN.

With our good landlords, no projectors vain,
Servants grown rich, or merchants crack'd in
brain,
Promising rents the lands can never yield,
E'er turn'd a worthy farmer from his field.

ASPER.

But Satan offering here one penny more,
Would turn ev'n Cincinnatus to the door.

COLIN.

For this the tenants have themselves to blame:
When honest Thirsis broke, in crouds they came,
And strove with ardour who should offer most
For that poor farm, where all his stock was lost.

ASPER.

Yes, Thirsis broke: but they are men of parts,
And to work wonders have ten thousand arts!

COLIN.

Our Squire soon found the greatest coxcomb
out,
And little flatt'ry brought his end about:
Aye!

" Aye! you have parts indeed! you understand
" Alone the value of such fertile land!
" Upon my honour, you're a lad of life,
" And such a person for a rich young wife!"
But simple gull! does he your brothers tear?
Does he devour a tenant ev'ry year?
And will you then the very dangers run,
That such examples call to you to shun?

ASPER.

Examples they behold not! Mangled flies
Mark the foul corner where the spider lies:
But does their fate make other flies beware?
Still numbers, thoughtless, buzz into the snare.
Proceed, ye Squires! squeeze with unsparing
hand!
You'll still find fools to give too much for land!

COLIN.

But those will break, and then their rents will
fall.

ASPER.

No!—Other fools will give them still their all.
Go live at court, a prey to sharpers there!
When others speak, in wise-like silence stare!
Or,

Or, sleeping at a parliament debate,
 Dream of rich posts, and favours of the great :
 While all your ill your depute here exceeds,
 And makes your name excuse his harsh deeds!
 He writes you, how your rents increase at home:
 Increase th' expence! think not of times to come!
 When rags and vermine are your tenants stock,
 Your villages all theft, filth, stink, and smoke!
 When howling misery your house surrounds,
 And desolation marks your horrid bounds!
 Your vassal-slaves go one by one to pot!
 In all your land you cannot raise a groat!
 Go, put your tenants tatter'd rags to sale!
 Your land must fly to keep you out of jail!

COLIN.

Our parson says, Where superstition reigns,
 Where priestly rigour squeezes Roman swains,
 Desert and waste the groaning land appears,
 And ev'ry face distress's features wears.
 In vain has nature giv'n a fertile soil:
 Each prudent swain flies from the fruitless toil.
 Ah! shall our land to such a state decay?
 Yes! all her worthiest sons are torn away!
 None who seek wealth can hope to find it here;
 All who love ease to foreign climates steer:

D

The

The generous follow freedom o'er the waves!

ASPER.

None stay but wretches willing to be slaves!

COLIN.

Through twenty future years methinks I see
The plight in which our country then shall be!
How sadly droops each late-repenting swain,
Whose folly bound him to a life of pain!
Sore whip'd, his lean, old horses, groaning go;
Nor whistles th' hungry driver of the plough!
The master at the fruitless labour sighs,
And wipes the secret sorrow from his eyes.
While in her dark and dirty house forlorn,
Bare to the bone with care and hunger worn,
On the cold hearth that seldom feels a flame,
Hard at her household labour plies the dame.
But wretched mother! who shall speak thy pain,
When naked children cry for bread in vain!

ASPER.

Let ev'ry honest swain forsake this shore,
Where easy freedom lives with swains no more.
Behold yon lawyer! fly his harpy hand!
What numbers starve on his late-purchas'd land!

Long

Long has he practis'd ev'ry art to squeeze,
 And hoards, with sordid care, his double fees!
 From plea to plea his clients are led on,
 Till credit fails, and then th' account is shewn?
 In every line it seems a moderate charge!
 But at the foot—Good heav'ns—a sum so large!
 Why, Sir, it doubles all that I possess!

“ No lawyer in the town would do't for less!

“ We've long been friends; with you I will
 “ not stand;

“ I'll take no more from you, but—all your
 “ land!”

Widespread his land! his undistinguish'd prey,
 Tenants and squires, he feasts on ev'ry day.

Thorns yield no grapes!—But, men of rank,
 will you

A shameless pettifogger's steps pursue?

If you would still have men your rank revere;

If by your *honour* still you wish to swear;

Defend it now!—Warm with true honour,
 haste

To stem this tide that lays your country waste.

COLIN.

Resign'd to ruin amongst wither'd trees,

See many an antient dome; in each of these

Once

Once liv'd some worthy lord, or knight, or
squire!

The poor and stranger nightly blest his fire!
He liv'd at home, and spent his income there;
Mechanics, merchants, farmers, had their share.
His wealth spread happiness o'er all the plain,
Soon went its round, and came to him again:
Then well-paid industry with pleasure toil'd,
And all around the populous country smil'd.

ASPER.

A tyrant harpy now has bought them all,
Racks high the rents, but lets the mansions fall.

COLIN.

From this next ruin, Asper, here behold
A piteous sight! Menalcas weak and old!
Who, with pale famine staring in his face,
Laments the change of that once happy place!

MENALCAS.

Alas! my neighbours! how my heart is rent,
To see these walls where my best days were
spent,
Thus overgrown with hemlock, grass, and moss!
As well as mine it speaks the country's loss!
Here

Here once the voice of happy pleasure sung,
 With mirth's loud laughter distant echoes rung.
 In ale and music sunk the night. The morn
 Was waken'd by the chearful hound and horn.
 Happy himself, my Lord rejoic'd to see
 Each face around reflect his inward glee!
 Now deadly silence ever round it sleeps,
 Unless when here my sad remembrance weeps.
 Ah! wasting walls! your last remaining tower
 Shakes in each blast, and melts in ev'ry shower!

COLIN.

Upon its rotten roof hangs but one slate?—

MENALCAS.

But painted ceilings speak its former state!
 Though daws and swallows lodge their filthy
 young,
 Where pictures of the family's worthies hung;
 Rats, frogs, and toads, the spacious halls defile,
 Where gayest beauties wont of old to smile.
 Where once sweet minstrels charm'd the dan-
 cing throng,
 Th' ill-boding owl now howls the whole night
 long.

Sad,

Sad, through the parlour, nightly sighs the
ghost

Of him who once sat there the jovial host :
Sees in his vaults, where ripening hogheads
stood,

Badgers and foxes rear their stinking brood.
Docks, hemlocks, nettles, overgrow the court,
Where oft his youthful tenants us'd to sport.
There many a feat of strength and skill were
shown ;

The Chief was judge, nor scorn'd to show his
own.

When young, he often carried off the bays ;
When old, he prais'd his strength in former
days :

To yon high mark, in youth he heav'd the
ball ;

His stronger father tofs'd it o'er the wall.
Then each, invited, was a welcome guest ;
And next the Baron was the victor plac'd.

ASPER.

Such happiness our fathers saw,—but we
Must seek our food beyond th' Atlantic sea ;
Where

Where true-born children of this boasting isle

Already at their mother's mandates smile ;

Loll out their tongue at honest father Bull,

Despise his rod, and all his acts annul,

Trust not, ye tyrants, to those children's
love

Whom your harsh rigours from your confines
drove

Brave Martius' patriot flames were turn'd to
hate ;

And Rome, from him she banish'd, fear'd
her fate !

Your few sad slaves will trembling die with
fear,

When of th' invading colonies they hear ;

Or gladly run to welcome us ashore,

When the delivering thunders round you
roar.

The wind is up ! The ship is under sail !

My native land, be d——d.—My friends,
farewell.

TO MR. BURNS,

ON HIS POEMS.

ON yon green sod what maiden sits,
Wi' garland dow'd, and looks forlorn!—
Lord keep the lassie in her wits!
She sings, and yet she seems to mourn!
Do ye no ken the Scottish muse?
Here aft she seeks her darling shade:
And aft wi' tears that grave bedews,
Where poor *Rob Ferguson* was laid.

But whisht! she speaks?—"My dearest callan,
"A fair stroke was thy death to me!
"For, since I lost my winsome *Allan*,
"My only hope was sheught in thee?
"Nae mair our verses, smooth and strang;
"Our men to martial fame incite:
"Or warbled in melodious sang,
"Our maidens melt wi' fast delight:
"Our

" Our language, banish'd now frae court,
 " (For Scotland has nae court at hame)
 " Is lightly'd by the better sort;
 " And ilka coof maun mimic them.
 " New-fangled fools gade to the South,
 " And brought frae court new-fashion'd frazes,
 " That gar our auld anes found uncouth;
 " And ev'n our mother's words bombaze us.

" Affected foplings feinzie shame
 " Of ilka thing benorth the Tweed:
 " But wha wad fash their head wi' them!
 " The blockheads scarce a word can read."
 " Ged tak me, Mam, I kennot read
 " Thees your owld-fashion'd vulgar Scotch!"
 " Half Scots, half English, they proceed,
 " Smashing baith tongues to base hotch potch.

" We flatter thus a friend, when braw,
 " And cringe to him when gear is sent him;
 " But when his back is at the wa',
 " We blush to own that e'er we kent him.
 " I little thought ance in a day,
 " When our ain bards sae sweetly fung,
 " That glossaries we boot to hae,
 " To teach Scots men their native tongue.

E

" Or

- " Or that our fangs, fae peerless good,
 " Thro' this false taste, this pride new-fangled,
 " Boot be, to mak them understood,
 " In *English versions* *, vilely mangled.
 " Afore he wrote, bauld *Ramfay* saw
 " The smeddum o' our tongue decay;
 " His words, as if caukt on a wa',
 " Were wearing fainter ilka day.

 " Yet he in nature's genuine strains
 " Our feelings fae distinctly draws,
 " He'll ever on his native plains,
 " And foreign too, command applause.
 " Our dying tongue, by him reviv'd,
 " At *Allan's* death again grew faint:
 " Till thou, my *Ferguson!* arriv'd,
 " And seem'd frae heav'n ance errant sent,

 " To teach the warld that simple lays,
 " In nature's language, reach the heart;
 " And frae true genius get the praise
 " Deny'd to stiff refining art.—
 " But *Robin's* sp'rit at last is here,
 " Wi' pleasure smiling on his brow!—
 " Whare

* See Ward's Gentle Shepherd.

"Whare ha' ye been, gin ane may speer?
"And what maks ye fae blyth, my dow?"

"When wand'ring between Ayr and Doon,
"I saw a laddie at the pleugh:
"But Muse! a fang I heard him crune,
"That still seems in my lugs to fough."

"Fallow mortal! why fae hastie;
"Banish terror frae thy breastie;
"Wae's me for the chance that chac'd thee
"Frae thy snug housie."
"Twas some way that way; and addrest to
"A till'd-up moufie.

"He loos'd his pleugh. I rade wi' him
"On his auld white mare, sonsie Maggie;
"Wha, proud to think she'd live in rhyme,
"Cockt head and tail, like ony staiggie.
"I lookt into his breast, and saw
"Compassion for his fallow-creature,
"Amang the feelings, ane and a',
"That maist embellish human nature.

"I looked up into his head——
"Gude losh!—What bright poetic fancies!

" A' striving whilk shou'd hae the lead,
 " In soon-intended rhiming dances.
 " True judgement there directed a',
 " And let them out in proper order ;
 " Imagination buskt them braw ;
 " And memory fat clark-recorder.

" The virtues a' to recommend
 " Meetly appear'd their common aim ;
 " But their true motive (weel I kend)
 " Was ardour for poetic fame.
 " I saw them plan, in calked lines,
 " Some sleely-jibing admonitions,
 " To drive our dour, dull Scots divines
 " i rae gloomy, canting superstitions.

" I saw them plan the *Cottar's ingle* ;
 " Where happy fat man, wife, lafs, callan :
 " And, in the general joy to mingle,
 " Ev'n hawkie routs ayont the hallan.
 " Frae hawkie comes the halesome feast,
 " On which well-pleas'd they sup or dine ;
 " And in thae sober draughts maißt blest,
 " They never think of costly wine.

" Cracks, tales, and fangs, them canty keep,
 " Till th' hours bring wonted bed-time round.

" Then

“ Then found on caff or ftrae they sleep,
“ While gentles, sleepless, fret on down.
“ Blush, Greatness, at your ill-spent time!
“ To you such blifs is seldom given.
“ Can ye conceive the thoughts sublime,
“ On which they rise frae earth to heaven?

“ Ablins the while your groveling thoughts
“ Are some infernal purpose brewing,
“ To turn them frae their peacefu’ cotts,
“ Or a’ their peace, and *Jenny*, ruin*.
“ Thae fancies, when they wad befriend
“ The poor folk, flow in fast succession;
“ And when harsh masters they wad bend,
“ Their very tykes bark at oppression.

“ They’ll sing in hamely pastoral stile,
“ (For which nae nation e’er cou’d brag us),
“ Sangs that will aye gar Scotland smile
“ At whisky, or a good fat haggies.
“ In soothing, sympathizing strain,
“ They shall revive the heart that mourns.”
“ Then cried the Muse, a’ fidging fain,
“ I see you’ve found my *Robbie Burns*!
“ He

* An allusion to Burns’s poem of the Cottar’s Saturday night.

"He frae his birth has been my care!

"He, till he dies shall be the same;

"And fangs frae him ye'll shortly hear,

"To rival yours, and *Ramsay's* fame."

Then crew the cock. The vision fled,

And where was I?—Just in my bed!

The dream ay fistling in my head,

I cou'd na rest;

But to write this to *Burns*, I said,

I'll do my best.

My best!—Alake!—Write *Burns*!—O fy!

What is there *Burns* can ken me by?

Though sometimes in the Muse's pyc

I've had a finger,

I've only shown, I fear, that I

Am nae great finger.

For had the few lines I hae penn'd

Been worth, they had been better kenn'd.

Conscious mysel they'd thole amend,

I ne'er durst print them;

But wore them in my pouch t'an end,

Or brunt or tint them.

Yet I commend your nobler daring,
That, spite of critics and their jarring,
Cou'd bring to light your lines auld-farran,
That mak sic din ;
And they've brought gowd to you l'se warran,
In gowpens in.

I ken ye dinna care a snuff
For a' the silly fleeching stuff,
Wi' which the like o' me now puff
Ye in presumption ;
For, though few bards be flattery-proof,
Ye've rummle-gumption.

But Lord man ! tell me, how is't wie ye,
When ilka great man that ye see
Hads out his hand, or jouks to thee ?
Are n' ye fae fain
Ye're like to fwelt ?—I'm sure wer't me,
'Twad turn my brain !

Yes, cock (as weel ye may) your crest,
And prize the praises o' the best !
But tent this :—Feather now your nest.
Hain for a fair foot.

Syne ye may dine, when some o' the rest
Maun lick the hare foot.

Ramsay

Ramsay at first, an' 'twas his due,
Was courted, prais'd, carest, like you :
That sangs and poets please maist when new,
He wisely kend ;
And still made sangs, an' jeebies too,
And filler hain'd.

Forgot, when auld, (I mind myfself)
He liv'd upon the Castle-hill,
Scarce ane e'er fpeer'd whare he did dwell,
Or aught about him.
But what car'd *Allan*? He cou'd bell
The cat without them.

Sae prudence bids you buifness chufe,
And no trust a' thing to the mufe.
O'er aft we've feen the jilt mifufe
The beft o' poets ;
And mak them fain to pawn their hofe,
For flip-flap diets.

Soon as his friends wi' praise inflame
The youthfu' bard to flee at fame,
Quite spoilt for ilka ither game,
His thoughts tak flight,
And leave his cares, affairs, and hame,
Clean out o' sight.

The

The gowd of a' thae parts far east,
Whare spite of fame, health, conscience, rest,
E'en ne'er-do-wells soon fill their kist,

Affects him little :

In poetry he to ding the best,
Plys a' his mettle.

The live-lang day his fangs he'll crune,
To th' burnie or the breeze's tune ;
But finds, when near life's afternoon,

He's a' wud wrang :

His shoon, hose, fark, breeks, a' thing done,
Except his fang.—

It sets me weel to gie advice !

Have I myfell been aye fae wise ?

My game, when I threw lucky dice,

Have I ne'er sticket ?

What have I made my words to splice ?

Made?—Deil be licket.

I've seen some wha begoud wi' lefs,
On whafe head few lay muckle strefs,
Wi' sheep and runts stock, blads o' grafs ;

While I hae nathing,

F

But

But meat, drink, health, content, and peace,
And fire and claithing.

The wyte, when I lay on the muse,
She tells me aye, herself t'excuse,
That I was ne'er sae gair as those
Wham wit ca's dull.
Ye'll see, quo' she, spite o' your nose,
Wha's been maist fool.

I hope ye think na to bespatter ye,
Like mony mae wi' fulsome flattery,
Far less to rouse your anger's battery,
Was my intent.
To let ye ken I'd like to clatter wi' ye,
Was a' I meant.

I feldom cringe to wealth or fame,
Or o' their friendship count the name:
For the maist feck I live at hame,
A farmer douce,
Amang my bairnies and their dame,
In this thackt house.

Where

Whare we'd be glad to see ye, Gabbie!
Fine fare I winna hecht. How n' a' be,
Although we shou'd hae but ae fybie,
Ye'fe get your skair.
We'll aye get sa't to it; and may be,
Can barrow mair.

I downa bide to hear a glutton
Fraising about fine beef and mutton;
I never ken or care a button
What I'm to get;
But leave the wife her will to put on
The pat or spit.

The host dislikt, nae sumptuous fare,
Nae ven'son, turtle, or sic ware,
Wi' wines maist costly, rich, and rare,
Which bring some guests,
Shou'd e'er mak me green to come near
Him or his feasts.

My mind in this ye partly see.—
Gif ye dislike it, let it be.—
But gif it chance to please, and ye
Think it worth while,

Eastward frae Edinbrugh by the sea,
But fourteen mile;

Ride through the town o' Prestonpans;
Three miles ayont that leave the sands;
Then ither twa thro' gude rich lands,
You'll find Loch-hill,
And, ready to rin at your commands,
Your friend

JAMES MYLNE.

CHORUS,

C H O R U S,

IN THE ANCIENT MANNER.

On the death of the celebrated *Cuchullin*, who was guardian to *Cormac* the infant monarch of Ireland, and who ruled the kingdom in his minority, *Cairbar*, Lord of Atha, at the head of a great band of rebels, besieged the royal palace of *Temora*; and having barbarously put to death the young *Cormac*, together with the sons of some of the chief nobility, usurped the government of the kingdom. *Fingal*, sovereign of Caledonia, being early apprized of the rebellion of *Cairbar*, had sent his grandson *Oscar* with some troops to the assistance of *Cormac*. In the interval, and before intelligence arrived of the melancholy fate of the young monarch, the scene, which is the subject of the following Chorus, is supposed to pass in the royal hall of *Selma*, where *Fingal* is sitting in the midst of his nobles, together with his son *Offian*, and the attendant bards.

SCENE,

SCENE,—*Fingal's hall in Selma.*

FINGAL, OSSIAN, NOBLES, LADIES, BARDS
ATTENDING.

A dismal sound is heard of distant shrieking.

FIRST BARD.

WHAT shrieks!

SECOND BARD.

What hideous groans!

FINGAL.

I know too well!

FIRST BARD.

Some dire prefage!

SECOND BARD.

Some grief is nigh!

FINGAL.

FINGAL.

Some spirits thus are wont to tell
When those most dear to Fingal die.

FIRST BARD.

Felt ye that blast?
How swift it pass'd!

SECOND BARD.

Methought it shook the hall!

THIRD BARD.

What meteors there!
What lightnings blaze!

FIRST BARD.

Oh!—these portend
A king, or kingdom's fall!

OSSIAN.

Every breath new horror brings!
Hark, hark, my harp! no human hand
Has touch'd the strings!

That

That sound so dismal, hollow, low,
Foretells approaching news of woe!

FINGAL.

Strike, Ossian! strike thy harp, my son!
Call out the deep-resounding, solemn tone:
Sing on, till some compassionate ghost
Come to tell what friends we've lost!

OSSIAN.

Spirits of our fathers dead!
Whether ye glide
Smoothly o'er the crystal waves;
Whether in the whirlwind's blast,
Ye roll the whitening tide;
Or pour the night-shriek on the lonely hill;
Or murmur o'er your graves!
Come in your cloudy cars,
And tell in sounds of woe,
For what departed chiefs
Must our deep sorrows flow!

CHORUS.

For what departed chiefs, &c.

OSSIAN.

OSSIAN.

Tell me of Oscar, tell,
Who fails the stormy main:
Oh! have you seen my darling son
Amid his martial train?

Say, does brave Oscar live;
Or are his ships dispers'd,
And he, with all his band,
In wat'ry tombs immers'd?

Or, have they reach'd green Ullin's shores,
And yet have come too late
To save the sons of Ufnath brave,
And Cormac, from their fate?

CHORUS.

Spirits of our fathers dead!
Let us blind mortals know
For what departed chiefs
Must our deep sorrows flow!

G

BARD

BARD OF THE SECOND SIGHT.

Invoke no ghosts to tell you this !
Blindness, mortals, here is bliss !
I see, I see, with inward light,
I see, and curse the dire anticipated fight
Which brings too soon my pain.
I see, I see, beyond the deep
A scene that shall make thousands weep !

CHORUS FIRST.

What scene ?

CHORUS SECOND.

What scene ?

CHORUS THIRD.

What scene ?

BARD.

Ye hear the shrieks ! I see the ghosts !
Trembling they come from Erin's coasts,
Deterr'd by bloody horrors thence !

CHORUS

CHORUS FIRST.

What blood? What horror? Tell the worst!

CHORUS SECOND.

Speak, speak!

CHORUS THIRD.

Oh speak, we're all suspense!

BARD.

Oscar is safe! He holds his way!
Tight are his ships, his warriors gay!
They soon shall land—and yet too late!
The sons of Ufnoth too are well!
The rest, the rest, oh urge me not to tell!

CHORUS.

Oh! tell the worst of Fate!

BARD.

Oh horror! murder! fight of woe!

CHORUS.

Tell, oh tell us, all you know!

BARD.

Look not now on Ullin's shore!
See ye not the streaming gore?
Erin's young nobles now no more
Shall Erin's expectations raise!—
Cormac and his youthful peers
Sporting with their fathers spears
Practise the feats of riper years!
Their little bosoms feel the warrior's flame!
Their little bosoms feast on future fame!
But death's dark night the whole destroys!

CHORUS.

Death's dark night the whole destroys?

BARD.

Cairbar! Atha's gloomy Lord,
Wherefore dost thou draw the sword?
Murderer! Coward! They are boys!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Is there no hand to save? no sword
To strike the murderers and prevent the blow?

BARD.

There is no hand to save, or sword!
Ghosts that glut in human gore
Grimly glooming, stalk before!
Murder grins at every door!
Fly? They cannot fly!
In heaps they fall!—they die!—they fall,
Murder'd in Temora's hall!
Erin's youthful nobles, all
Around poor Cormac lie!

CHORUS.

Murder'd in Temora's hall
With murder'd Cormac die?

BARD.

Cormac lives yet!—The sword is rais'd!
What gallant youth art thou

That

That intercept'ft the falling edge?—
Oh moft unworthy blow !

Though generously, though nobly done,
Thou giv'ft thy king but fhort relief !
Oh heart-confounding grief !
'Tis Colla's fon !——

CHORUS.

—————His only fon ?

BARD.

With his lov'd Prince he leaves the light !
He dies ! his morning fun is fet in endlefs
night !

CHORUS.

Cormac and Colla's only fon !
Alas ! their days were fcarce begun !

BARD.

The murd'rous fcene—is done !

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

What wonder that afflicted ghosts
Fly from these unhappy coasts?
What wonder that all nature mourn'd;
That harps spontaneous moan;
That distant hills felt and return'd
Their dying groan!
A deed so horrible, so foul, was never told
By modern Seer, or bard of old!

FINGAL.

In sweetly-soothing, melancholy strains
Sing, Ossian, to their gentle spirits sing!
Allay the anguish of their dying pains!
Let them with joy to their new mansions
spring!

OSSIAN.

Descend to greet them, friendly shades
Of kindred gone before!
Conduct them, wond'ring and afraid,
The regions new t' explore!

Rise,

Rise, gentle, stranger-spirits, rise!
Pain ye no more shall know;
In leaving life's uncertain joys,
Ye leave its certain woe!

Ye cannot see, indeed your names
Among the great inroll'd;
But thorny are the paths to fame;
And few are bless'd when old!

Your fathers bleeding hearts, alas!
Which fondly once conceiv'd
The hopes that you should fill their place,
Are of all hopes bereav'd!

But had they died, like you when young,
They now had soundly slept,
They had not flourish'd in the song—
Nor for their children wept!

CHORUS.

Spirits of Erin! cease to mourn!
Too late ye our assistance seek!
Home to your airy dwellings turn;
No more on Morven's mountains shriek!

FINGAL

FINGAL.

Call in the wrestlers from the green,
The nimble hunters from the heath!
Shall we in idle sports be seen?
No—Let us haste t' avenge their death!

CHORUS.

Spirits of Erin speed the happy gales!
Strengthen each fav'ring current and each
wave!
Fly swiftly homeward on our swelling sails!
Haste to avenge the dead, and the survivors
save!

F R A G M E N T

OF ANOTHER CHORUS.

SCENE,—*The sea-shore. The army landing by
Moon-light.*

BARDS AND SOLDIERS.

FIRST BARD.

GLIDE on, fair, splendid Queen of Night,
Through yon serene and fable sky!
White-skirted clouds blaze all with light!
Darkness beyond the mountains fly!
Ye winds your breath restrain!
Thou palely-shining main
Still all thy swelling waves!
Ye ghosts, who with malicious joy
Misguided mariners annoy,
Rest in your hollow caves!

Come

Come fathers, brothers, children, whom
 We lost, when lately here before.
 Your fame we sung ! We rais'd your tomb !
 The loss of you we still deplore !
 With good-portending omens come,
 And welcome us ashore !

SOLDIER.

Glimm'ring in the moon's pale light,
 Yonder stones of dismal white,
 Mournful, mark the places where,
 With many a tear,
 Our friends we laid.
 Some of us too must lie there !
 But be not thence dismay'd.
 In *Swaran's* wars though many fell,
 Yet many more were left to tell
 How they with honour fought ;
 And how they fell as soldiers ought.
 Inevitable fate
 Awaits us all :
 But come it soon, or come it late,
 Like them renown'd we'll fall !

* * * * *

(60)

A LYRIC DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A

BEAU AND A SOLDIER.

BEAU.

HE plays a foolish game
Who hazards life for fame,
And on that fame relies
T' inspire love's flame.

For should the loss of limbs or eyes

His strength or beauty maim,
The ladies would the fool despise,
With all his boasted fame.

Ha! what avails, that in the bloody field
The soldier has made thousands yield,
See by some gayer youth, in love more skill'd,
The hero's mistress from him torn!
How soldier, how shall this be borne?
Better with steel had thou been kill'd
Than with a woman's scorn!

SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Away filly fopling ! How vainly ye rave !

To think that such dunces as you,
Will e'er by the fair be esteem'd like the
brave,

With victory's wreaths on his brow !

Such painted moth-flies

The ladies despise ;

Though rolling your eyes,

Though heaving soft sighs,

Ye think ye are wonderful charming !

Though smiling most sweetly, though look-
ing so wise ;

Though frisking and lisping out ignorant
lies,

The conduct of soldiers ye dare criticise,

And of battles and sieges determine !

A soldier who wants both his limbs and his
eyes

Is worth twenty tribes of such vermine.

®

B

THE
BRITISH KINGS,
A
TRAGEDY.

P E R S O N S.

CADWALLAN, King of the *Britons*.
OSRICK, King of *Northumbria*.
KENWAL, King of *Wessex*.
OSWALD, Son of *Kenwal*.
ANFRID, the Friend of *Ofrick*.
ARTHUR, a Prince of the *Britons*.
BRUDUS, the friend of *Cadwallan*.
An old Druid.

L A D I E S.

EMMA, *Cadwallan's* Queen.
LENA, *Ofrick's* Queen.
ELFRIDA, Daughter of *Kenwal*.
• ETHA, Friend of *Emma*.
HANNA, attending *Elfrida*.

Officers, Soldiers, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A WOOD.

Enter hastily Lena and Elfrida.

LENA.

ONWARD yet farther!—Let me not again
Be dragg'd by ruffians! O my generous Prin-
cess!

But lead me by the wildest, pathless groves,
Into the center of this forest's darkness;
Then leave me!—Solitude best suits me now.

ELFRIDA.

Here, where the woods first cover us, and we,
Unseen ourselves, see all the adjacent plain,
I told my maid, that we would wait her
coming.

She brings with her two suits of mens attire,

I

Which

Which I provided ; left in these rude times
Of war and danger, if unfortunate,
It might seem safest to conceal our sex.
So garb'd, like youthful warriors, will we
find

My father's camp. We in an hour may reach
That sanctuary, the most secure for you.

LENA.

O let me rather find among these wilds
Some cavern in the earth or clefted rock ;
Where I may lay me down, and weep away
My few remaining hours of misery.

ELFRIDA.

What mean thy words ? Wouldst thou re-
linquish so
The hopes that beauty, youth, and fortune
give thee
Of many years of future happiness ?

LENA.

My happy years are gone ! My conscious
soul

Think

Thinks all who look on me have known my
shame;
And look but to insult my abject state!

ELFRIDA.

Let fear of insult, let remorse and shame,
With all their tortures tear Cadwallan's heart!
That harden'd heart!—Good heav'ns! Can
such men be?

Disgrace of human nature! Such there are
Who find a fiend's enjoyment in the wreck
And sorrow which they bring on ruin'd vir-
tue!

But though with loathing and aversion thou
Hast borne such injury from brutal violence,
None will insult thee. Why should thy pure
breast

Feel any pangs like those the guilty feel?

LENA.

What sharper pangs can the most guilty
feel?

My spirit all-indignant, now detests
These its polluted limbs, and longs to leave
them.

I 2

ELFRIDA.

ELFRIDA.

Now none remains of Edwin's race, but
you,
To fill Northumbria's throne, with valiant
Ofrick,
The worthy husband of your youthful choice,
Think, if you now without descendants die,
He must resign that kingdom to another.

LENA.

I ne'er can see him more!

ELFRIDA.

Not see thy Lord?
Thou loved'st him sure?

LENA.

Lov'd him! Where was that wealth,
That power, or titles that could make me
wed,
Through avarice or ambition, where I lov'd
not!

His

His race unknown, no wealth or friends had
he!——

His merit won, and still retains my heart!

ELFRIDA.

But was the secret of his birth ne'er known?

LENA.

That oft we fought, but ne'er could yet
unravel.

A paper, found among his infant-weeds,
Declar'd him nobly born: To that great truth,
His form majestic, his exalted mind,
Unfolding with his years, gave amplest proof,
And forc'd assent. His every action now,
Ranks him among the first of Albion's heroes.
Love him?—Alas!——But shall I make him
wretched?

ELFRIDA.

Most wretched would the loss of Lena
make him.

LENA.

LENA.

More wretched would he be to see her thus
Polluted!—In some, unfrequented grove
With silent anguish will I cast me down,
Determin'd never more to rise to light.
The ghost, perhaps, of one who there has
fallen,
Like me, the victim of despair, unseen,
Shall sigh with me in sympathetic sounds ;
Or silently according with my soul,
Raise from the earth its sentiments, attund
To the full harmony of heavenly thought.

ELFRIDA.

Since now escap'd from what thou most
abhorr'st——

LENA.

Escap'd—Alas!——Has the poor hind e-
scap'd,
That flies, the barbed arrow in her heart?
Like her escap'd, I feel like her the wound

Of certain death ; like her I only seek
Some quiet covert, there to die in peace !

ELFRIDA.

Let me through every desert go with thee,
And guard thee from this frenzy of despair.

LENA.

Ah ! find some happier friend to share the bliss
Thy virtue merits.—Leave me and my sor-
rows.

ELFRIDA.

Inhuman were the heart that thus could
leave thee !

LENA.

Sure thine is more than human ! Generous
maid !
Has thy benevolence made thee forget
What foes our fathers to each other were ?

ELFRIDA.

But I shall never be a foe to thee !

What

What though my father now leads on his
bands
To assist Cadwallan !

LENA.

Ha !—To assist that villain ?
And camest thou with that hostile power ?

ELFRIDA.

A wish
To see this country, I so much had heard of,
Brought me for once with armies to the field.
But sure some power divine in secret sped me
To rescue thee, while yet the tyrant slept.

LENA.

O hadst thou come, when first I call'd on
heav'n
To save me from dishonour, I had thought
thee
One of its angels !—They, 'tis said, have
come,
In lovely forms like thine, to virtue's aid.—
But I'm unworthy of such care of heaven !

ELFRIDA.

ELFRIDA.

Believe me, sent by heav'n to save thee still!
My father will convey thee to thy Osrick.

LENA.

Alas! who knows if yet my Osrick lives!

ELFRIDA.

Have you not heard of him since his defeat?

LENA.

My own afflictions followed that so fast,
No time was giv'n me to enquire of him.
Bleeding at many wounds my father came!
Ere he could speak, this tyrant of the Britons,
Whose love I had rejected, came enraged:
Ev'n in my arms he slew thee, O my father!
Present to me still seem thy dying pangs,
And those sad looks, which, after speech had
fail'd,
Express'd more strong than language could,
thy fears,
Prophetic of my fate.

K

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Hanna hastily.

HANNA.

CADWALLAN comes!

ELFRIDA.

Give me the cloaths. But do not follow us.

LENA.

Protect me heavens!—Oh let some ravenous
beast
Relieve me from this monster more abhorr'd!

Exit with Elfrida.

HANNA *alone.*

I'll from a different quarter meet his fight,
And by some false intelligence misguide him.

Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Cadwallan and Brudus.

CADWALLAN.

INFORM me, for you know, how she escap'd.

BRUDUS.

The Ladies of the Castle, when they heard
Th' arrival of the daughter of your friend,
The King of Wessex, went and introduc'd her
In royal form. She staid not long within,
But walk'd forth to the garden with a train
Of many ladies. Among those we find
She had conceal'd the Princess of Northum-
bria.

They fled together by the lower gate
Into that wooded bank, that copse, which
winding
Along the river meets the forest here.
They cannot yet be farther than——

K 2

CAD-

CADWALLAN.

You wish them——

Traitors! ye all conspir'd against my peace!
And was it pity mov'd your ruffian hearts?
No! 'Twas sedition!——Say, who murmur'd
first?

But all should suffer for the traiterous deed!

BRUDUS.

Let no such thoughts disturb your royal
breast:
Your soldiers still are faithful.

CADWALLAN.

Think'st thou so?
I'll search however.——

BRUDUS.

Yonder! See my liege

CADWALLAN.

Methought I saw a female form glide quick
Through yonder trees.——

BRUDUS.

BRUDUS.

It was Elfrida's maid!

CADWALLAN.

Pursue you that way. I will guard this opening.

Exit Brudus.

I know not wherefore 'tis: But from this act,

By which I thought at once to gratify
My love and my revenge, my thoughts recoil,
In conscious starts; as from some shocking deed,

Some monstrous crime. When I expected bliss,

A secret chilling horror through me ran,
Confounding every sense. Thou Judge severe,

That hold'st thy strict tribunal in our breasts!
'Twas thy just sentence, which no wealth can bribe,

No power repel, no pleasure's opiate soothe.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Brudus with Hanna.

HANNA.

I KNOW not where they are.—I fought them
here,
Because I thought Elfrida, by this way,
Would lead th' unhappy Princess to the place,
Where Kenwal is encampt.

CADWALLAN.

Is he so near us?

HANNA.

We left him lately scarce a mile from this.

CADWALLAN.

Have they not fled to him?

HANNA.

HANNA.

Alas! I know not.
But 'tis most probable.

CADWALLAN.

Then follow them.
Exit Hanna.

SCENE V.

CADWALLAN.

HOW am I chang'd!—Erewhile when I
was told,
That Kenwal came, my heart was wont to
leap,
Anticipating happiness.—But now
I would avoid him.

BRUDUS.

Yet he brings thee aid!

CAD-

CADWALLAN, *walking aside.*

And why avoid him!—No. It is not shame!
Is it remorse?—For what?—I did no wrong!
Then what disturbs me?—Falsely we seek de-
light
From pleasure's cup, when conscience taints
the draught.

BRUDUS.

Why should you startle at a just revenge?

CADWALLAN.

By heav'n, tis just!—To be rejected,
scorn'd!

And for so mean a rival; whose base blood
No father owns.—'Twas disappointed love
Inflam'd to fury!—What is done, I did
In passion. Cool reflection now condemns it.
All will condemn it.—All my former friends
Will turn indignant from me.—Let them
do so!—

Think'st thou that Kenwal will withhold his
aid?

BRUDUS.

BRUDUS.

We need no aid of him to conquer Ofrick.

CADWALLAN.

I cannot, like a superstitious girl
To her confessor, sigh a piteous tale
Of human frailty, and implore forgiveness.
Made of more stubborn stuff, my haughty
heart,
That ill can bear ev'n friendship's kind re-
buke,
Will swell with ill-tim'd passion, and convert
My friend into a foe.

BRUDUS.

From that, I hope,
Your long-try'd friendship will secure you
both.

CADWALLAN.

Let us bring up our army ere we meet him.

L

BRUDUS.

BRUDUS.

'Twere best to meet him soon ; ere slander's
breath
Infect this action with a fouler stain.

Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Lena and Elfrida, in mens cloaths.

ELFRIDA.

NOW they are gone. Come forward with
assurance:

And since we have put on th' attire of men,
Let us endeavour to assume the looks
And fearless gestures of the bolder sex.

LENA.

Howe'er disguis'd, my fears and sorrows
still
Confess the female weakness of my heart!

HANNA.

HANNA *entering.*

Your father, Lady, and your brother come
This way on foot, advanc'd before their troops.

Exit.

ELFRIDA.

'Then with them comes our safety.

LENA.

Safety! Ha!

With whom? Alas! With Edwin's enemies!
And have they not combin'd with Ofrick's
foes

For our destruction? Where is then the hope,
The sole sad hope, that sooth'd my misery?
The hope of vengeance?

ELFRIDA.

Know our fathers better!

Whilst emulous in the field, with ardour both
Aim'd, at their rivals, wounds, destruction,
death,

L 2

Reciprocal

Reciprocal esteem both bosoms warm'd ;
And each had mourn'd his own complete
success.

'Tis true, Cadwallan is my father's friend,
And now expects th' assistance of his force.
But when my father knows th' unworthy act
So late committed, he will change his purpose.

Let us inform him of it.

LENA.

Let me fly
From him, from all, to silence and despair !
Shall I bow down before Cadwallan's friend ?
And when I've, blushing, told my shameful
tale,
Be scorn'd, and sent, perhaps, a captive back !

ELERIDA.

So base an action never stain'd his fame !
Distress to Kenwal seldom sues in vain !
Remember we're disguised ! From Edwin
sprung,
You shall appear his son. Without a blush
Relate

Relate to Kenwal no fictitious tale
Of Edwin's murder, and his daughter's
wrongs.

LENA.

How can my swelling heart and fault'ring
tongue
Express such wrongs! With more ease thou
may'st tell it.
And if thy friendly bosom heave a sigh,
Or eyes let fall a pitying tear for me,
'Twill give such graceful force to thy expres-
sion,
As cannot fail to move a father's heart,
And turn it from a friend so undeserving.

ELFRIDA.

Thou would'st not then, it seems, remain
unknown!

LENA.

Did that escape me?—Known I must not
be!

ELFRIDA.

ELFRIDA.

My well-known voice would soon discover
us !
If you would be unknown, you must attempt
To speak in this disguise like Edwin's son.

LENA.

Must I attempt it ?

ELFRIDA.

Yes: If you would save
Your husband from destruction, and yourself
From the detested fate, which now you fly.

LENA.

For those great ends, wilt thou, my father's
spirit !
Who still perhaps behold'st thy wretched
daughter,
Forgive that daughter, when thou see'st her
bow
To beg protection from thine enemy ?

ELFRIDA.

ELFRIDA.

See they are here! Let us move towards
them.

S C E N E VII.

To them enter Kenwal and Oswald.

KENWAL.

YOUNG warriors, ye appear as if ye had
Something of moment to inform us of.

LENA.

Great is the fame of Kenwal in the field;
But greater far compassion's noblest acts!
Distress, 'tis said, ne'er pray'd to him in vain;
And oft his foes, when other hopes had fail'd,
Have found relief in his benevolence.
Confiding in that fame behold the son
Of Edwin thy most hated enemy?

KENWAL.

KENWAL.

'Thou Edwin's son?—Rise, rise, and tell
thy sorrows
To me, who never did thy father hate.

LENA.

And if thou didst, 'tis time that hate should
cease:
For Edwin now can injure thee no more!

KENWAL.

What mean thy words?—We heard of his
defeat,
But not his death! In battle has he fall'n?

LENA.

'They bore him from the battle to his for-
tress,
Wounded and feeble with the loss of blood.
Cadwallan came, and in that very hall,
Where oft in festive mirth they sat together,
He slew my father fainting in his wounds!

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

What? Faint with former wounds!—In
his own hall!
And when the rage of battle had subsided?

LENA.

Ev'n in his shrieking daughter's arms he
flew him!

KENWAL.

Oh Edwin! Edwin!—Whilst thou wast
in life,
I often wish'd thee dead!—Witness these
tears,
It gives me now no joy!—Revenge, which
once
I thought a passion worthy of the brave,
Seems now the basest vice of little minds!
What! in his daughter's arms! He?—Cad-
wallan?
Could he do this?

M

LENA.

(90)

LENA.

Oh! had he done no worse,
I never, never thus had sued to thee!

KENWAL.

Wrong not my friend!—Though in resentment fierce.
By honour's fairest laws he ever liv'd;
And liv'd renown'd. Worse!—What could
he do worse?

LENA.

One daughter Edwin had, by all esteem'd
Of virtuous fame.—Forgive me—Oh! forgive me!

KENWAL.

He slew not her!

LENA.

Why, why, too rigid heav'n!
Was she not doom'd to that far milder fate?

KENWAL.

KENWAL.

Command thy sorrows till thy tale be told.

LENA.

Torn, while she clasp'd her murder'd fa-
ther's corse,
And hither dragg'd by violence, she suffer'd
The worst she could from cruelty and lust!

KENWAL.

How know you what the Princess suffer'd
there?

LENA.

A captive there, too well was I inform'd
Of her unhappy fate.

KENWAL.

Where is she now?

LENA.

Thy daughter, like an angel sent from
heav'n,

M 2

But

But ah! too late, to save the innocent,
Came while Cadwallan slept. Her generous
heart

Was soften'd with th' account of Lena's
wrongs:

She, with the ladies who had charge of her
Led the unhappy Princess to a garden,
Whence they together fled to come to you.

KENWAL.

To us they have not come.

LENA.

Ha!——Have they not?
A conscious flame perhaps keeps her concealed.

KENWAL.

You too were captives.—How did ye get
free?

LENA.

We owe our safety to your daughter too.

KENWAL

KENWAL.

What? While Cadwallan slept?

LENA.

Yes! while he slept.

KENWAL.

Elfrida could not then solicit him :
And without his consent who durst release
you?

LENA.

Those who had charge of us did venture it.

KENWAL.

"Twould be imprudent, youth, for us to
give
An hasty credit to a tale like this,
Told by——no friend.

LENA.

Indeed I cannot boast
Of being thy friend.—But in Elfrida's father

I

I thought to have found a generous mind like
hers,
That would a little while protect a wretch,
Till Ofrick with his army came to save me.

KENWAL.

Protection thou shalt have: For though thy
tale
Sounds scarce like truth, I feel within my
breast
A tendernefs that wifhes to relieve thee.

LENA.

Our tale confirm'd will foon remove your
doubts.

KENWAL (*to one of his officers.*)

Captain!—Conduct thefe Princes to our
tent.
There let them be attended with refpect.
[*Exeunt Lena and Elfrida attended.*]

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

KENWAL, OSWALD.

KENWAL.

I'LL not believe it. No! It must be false!

OSWALD.

Can you distrust him? Surely from the heart

His sorrow flow'd! With a more decent blush
Not Lena could relate her injuries.

KENWAL.

We know him not!—Be slow, my son,
to trust

The smoothest tongue, when it reviles a
friend:

Else you may curse too late the fatal falsehood.

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

His years speak innocence; and in his
looks
Appears the noble pride that scorns deceit.

KENWAL.

Think you Cadwallan, like a prodigal,
Would, for a moment's pleasure, throw away
All the renown his life had treasur'd up?

OSWALD.

'Tis said, that noble though he is, his pas-
sions
Rule with no common force. He's forward,
bold,
Impatient to possess what he desires;
Warm in his friendship, fierce in enmity,
And obstinately cruel in revenge.
When victory had put it in his pow'r
To gratify at once love and resentment,
What might he not?

KENWAL.

KENWAL.

I cannot think that he,
Mature in age, would by impetuous passion
Be hurried now to deeds of ignominy;
After his youth for almost half a life
Had been in solitude and sorrow spent.

OSWALD.

Oft have I heard his sufferings spoke of
thus,
As facts well-known: "How short while af-
"ter marriage
"Had blest him with your fairest sister's
"charms,
"To shun the rage of stronger enemies,
"He was compell'd to plunge into the Severn,
"To swim aboard a vessel, and in her
"Put off to sea."—But why, or in what place,
He staid so long, I ne'er distinctly heard.

KENWAL.

He reach'd the ship.—Deserted of her
mariners

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T

But bolder still, Cadwallan breasts the waves,
And gains her tow'ring fides.—Now safe a-
board,
The winds propitious waft the exile home
To Albion's land.—

OSWALD.

But Emma was no more,
Ere he return'd?

KENWAL.

You've often heard her fate.
His enemies, soon after his departure,
His castle fir'd, and barb'rously destroyed
In it poor Emma, with her infant son.—

OSWALD.

The light-arm'd bowmen, whom you sent
before!

KENWAL.

Their signals speak an enemy at hand!

N 2

SCENE

SCENE IX.

(Enter an officer, with archers.)

OFFICER.

NOT distant far, we through the trees de-
scry'd

An army well arrang'd. At first we thought it
Cadwallan's host, and towards it advanc'd:
But, when with... three arrow-flights, we
knew

The bloody banners and the lengthen'd spears
Of the Northumbrian front.

KENWAL.

Call all to arms!

[Exeunt archers.]

In this oppressive cause I will not fight.

OSWALD.

What measures will you then pursue?

KENWAL.

KENWAL.

I'll try
To mediate peace: Though small, I own, my
hope
To reconcile such rivals, whose fierce minds
Are so incens'd by recent injuries.

OSWALD.

But, since you hold the balance of their
force,
Could you not make them finish their dispute
By single combat?

KENWAL.

Yes.—By that alone
It can be finish'd.—One of them must fall;
And by his death give life and peace to thou-
sands.

[*Alarm, and exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I. A Wood.

(Enter Osrick and Anfrid, with soldiers bringing in two of the Britons prisoners.)

ANFRID.

WERE ye sent hither to explore our force?

FIRST PRISONER.

We were commanded in this wood to
search
For the Northumbrian Princess, who this
morning
Made her escape.

OSRICK.

My Princess!—She escap'd

SECOND

SECOND PRISONER.

Yes.—The Northumbrian Princess.

OSRICK.

In this wood?

SECOND PRISONER.

We saw them to this forest aim their course.

OSRICK.

Saw *them*?—By whom is she accompany'd?

FIRST PRISONER.

Elfrida, daughter of the King of Wessex,
Came while Cadwallan slept, and stole her off.

OSRICK.

The daughter of the King of Wessex fav'd
her?

FIRST PRISONER.

Yes: And 'tis thought that in her father's
camp
They both are safe.

OSRICK.

OSRICK.

Great Governor of all!
Accept my thanks!—Protect my wife, and
blefs
This generous daughter of mine enemy!

ANFRID.

A trumpet founds!

OSRICK.

Remove the prisoners.
[*They are led out.*]
See what this means.

AN OFFICER (*entering.*)

One from the King of Wessex;
Who in his right hand waves the branch of
peace,
And in his left a spear.

OSRICK.

Let him come forward.
He by his signals comes to offer peace
Upon

Upon conditions. Well, I fear, he knows
To make advantage of this incident!
My Queen his captive! What can be too much
For Lena's ransom?

S C E N E II.

(Enter Oswald with attendants.)

OSWALD.

TO Northumbria's Prince
The King of Westex wishes health and peace.

OSRICK.

From the West-Saxon King we look'd for
war;
Though more we wish for peace—on equal
terms.

OSWALD.

This Kenwal bids me tell thee. He fore-
fees

O

The

The certain issue of these hostile broils,
In wide-spread ruin : He laments its cause :
He sees with pain the sons of this fair isle
Waste in domestic wars their common force ;
Which, if united, might have rais'd their
country
To be the dread and envy of the world.

OSRICK.

I never with the Briton can unite.

OSWALD.

So Kenwal fears : For not unknown to him
Is the fell rancour that inflames you both.
But since, says he, the wrong is personal,
Since each avows his purpose in this war
To be the death and ruin of his foe ;
Involve not guiltless thousands in the ven-
geance ;
But let the rival Kings themselves atchieve
This bloody purpose with their single swords.

OSRICK.

Our single swords!—Oh 'tis my keenest wish
Let

Let Kenwal bring Cadwallan to my sword,
I ask no more. Then one or both shall fall!
And all in Albion may like brothers join
To strike a terror in the nations round.

OSWALD.

In yonder wood, between your host and
ours,
There is a deep recess.—It has been nam'd
The trav'ler's couch; (for nature seems t'have
deck'd
And sown its close green turf with sweetest
flow'rs,
For the relief of weary travellers.)
There, at the foot of a tall spreading oak,
Which near its middle singly shades the
stream,
You'll find the King of Wessex. He entreats
That you without delay will meet him there,
To ratify the articles of combat.

OSRICK.

I go with speed.

O 2

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

Take but along with you
Some chosen friends and guards,—I am his
son;
And am commanded with your troops to stay
Till your return, an hostage for your safety.

OSRICK.

Son of a gallant father! I embrace thee
With true affection.—Anfrid, let the Prince
Be entertain'd with the distinction due
To his high rank, and with thy best regard,
Yes, noble youth, all gratitude is due
To him whose sister fav'd my hapless queen.

OSWALD.

Had they, as we expected, reach'd our
camp,
It now had been my fortune to restore
Thy Princess to her Lord.

OSRICK.

Not reach'd your camp?

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

Not when I left it.—

OSRICK.

Ha!—Where are they then?

OSWALD.

We thought t' have found them under your
protection.

OSRICK.

They are together still!—But how?—Per-
haps,
Again his captives!—Or through devious
wilds,
Mistaking us for enemies, they fly,
Ready to drop fatigu'd, or faint with fear,
At ev'ry waving bush or rustling leaf.
Send out strong parties. Leave no grove un-
search'd
Till ye have found your Queen—How did
you hear
Of their escape?

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

'Twas from the son of Edwin;
For he too had escap'd captivity,
And to my father came with confidence.

OSRICK.

The son of Edwin?—Edwin left no son!

OSWALD.

He left no son?—What! Could so young
a boy
Be an impostor? Thy suspicion gues'd
Aright, my father! Age is ever cautious.

OSRICK.

Edwin had but one son; the gallant Os-
frid:
Him, brave beyond the promise of his
years,
I saw in battle fall by mortal wounds.

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

The boy then play'd it well. He told a
tale
That mov'd us much. I'm pleas'd to find it
false.

OSRICK.

What tale told he?

OSWALD.

'Twould lose your time to hear it.

OSRICK.

True! an impostor's tale deserves no credit.

OSWALD (*to some of his attendants.*)

Conduct brave Ofrick to the trav'ller's
couch.

[*Excunt severally.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

THE TRAVELLER'S COUCH.

CADWALLAN, KENWAL, AND ATTENDANTS.

KENWAL.

YES—As your friends regret your murder'd fame,
Your enemies shall, with exulting joy,
Receive and spread this tale of your dishonour.

CADWALLAN.

Who taxes me with deeds dishonourable?
Am I grown weak with age? Whoe'er before
Assail'd my honour, to his sorrow felt,
My arm had pow'r that honour to defend.

KENWAL.

Can fear of greatness, power, or valour silence

The

The voice of Rumour? Like the wind, it swells
From the low whisper to the breeze; like
wind,

It flies abroad; and, like the tempest, beats
With greatest fury on the highest tow'r.
But firm on virtue's base the good man stands
Unmov'd, and smiles at all its idle rage.
So once Cadwallan stood!

CADWALLAN.

And so shall stand!
And still with force shall hurl such tempests
back
Against the slanderous mouths that utter
them.
But wherefore am I blam'd?—Was I not
injur'd?
Injur'd, how much!—And yet not half re-
veng'd.

KENWAL.

Revenge let Ofrick seek.—He suffer'd
most.

P

CAD-

CADWALLAN.

Dost thou too favour him? Ev'n thou,
my friend?
That fordid beggar's spurious progeny,
Whose unknown parents cast him out to
starve,
Is still preferr'd to me, whose fathers reign'd
In Albion, ere she was by Saxons plunder'd.

KENWAL.

Unknown although we grant this youth's
descent,
Report, in spite of vulgar prejudice,
Allows him all the virtues of the mind,
That best adorn a throne; proclaims him such
As greatest Princes wish their sons to be.

CADWALLAN.

And such you wish your friend.

KENWAL.

'Tis true, I own,
I'd count his friendship of no common price.

CAD-

CADWALLAN.

Again I'm left for him!—Go to your
friend!

Your honourable friend,—from nothing
sprung!

'Tis war when next we meet.

[*Going.*

KENWAL.

Stay, madman, stay.

CADWALLAN.

Provoke my wrath no farther!—For I
would not

Cancel at once the bonds of antient amity.

SCENE IV.

(Enter Lena and Elfrida in their mens habits, and stand aside among the officers attending.)

KENWAL.

HEAR how I purpose to befriend thee.—

CADWALLAN.

No.—

An honest foe profess I do not hate,
Ev'n while I strive to ward his angry blows.
But when I find a smooth, a smiling traitor,
Who under friendship's fair attire would hide
The dagger of his secret enmity,
To give a villain's stab; I hate him, scorn
him;
As I do Kenwal now.

KENWAL.

'Twas oft thy curse,
When

When some imagin'd insult gall'd thy pride,
To treat thy best of friends with scorn and
hate.

LENA (*aside.*)

Ye Pow'rs of Discord! blow your poison-
ing blasts!

CADWALLAN.

No friend of mine can be the friend of Of-
rick.

KENWAL.

Were he thy friend, that should persuade
that Prince
To set the issue of this threat'ning war
Upon his single sword to thine?

CADWALLAN.

My friend!

By all my hopes of conquest and revenge,
He, who did this, were as a god to me!

KENWAL.

KENWAL.

This Kenwal, whom you scorn and hate,
has done.

LENA (*aside.*)

If e'er almighty Pow'r has interpos'd
In human actions—Have I found it so?

CADWALLAN (*aside.*)

I've been too hot! And yet my stubborn
pride
Will not permit me to acknowledge it.

KENWAL.

Do you decline the combat?

CADWALLAN.

Can'st thou think so?—
Could'st thou not for a moment bear my
weakness?

KENWAL.

I've borne it long.

CAD-

(119)

CADWALLAN.

Have we not long been friends?

KENWAL.

Let us be so for ever.

SCENE V.

(Enter Ofrick and attendants.)

ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS.

Northumbria's Prince!

LENA *(aside to Elfrida.)*

Support me, my Elfrida!

KENWAL.

Prince of Northumbria, we give thee welcome!

OSRICK.

OSRICK.

I come, O King! obedient to the message
You sent me by your son.—The Briton
here!

Such enemies should never meet, but thus!
[Drawing his sword,

CADWALLAN, (*drawing likewise.*)

And so I meet thee!

KENWAL.

Hold! I charge you both.

CADWALLAN.

Ha! wherefore hold?

KENWAL.

He who advances renders me his foe.

CADWALLAN.

Wherefore this stop? Did you not tell me
now,

That

That th' issue of this threat'ning war was set
Upon our single fwords?

KENWAL.

So 'tis resolv'd.

OSRICK.

And why not now; while my resentment
burns
To strike this murderer?

CADWALLAN.

I scorn to answer thee.
Ev'n that were too much honour for a slave,
Of parentage unknown.

KENWAL.

Sheathe both your fwords;
And let resentment pause, till ye have heard
The reasons which have made me wish to see
This war decided by a single combat.

OSRICK, (*sheathing his sword.*)

You are obey'd.

Q

CAD.

CADWALLAN, (*doing the same.*)

Now let us hear those reasons,

KENWAL.

You see our island in itself is blest
With every requisite to man's content.
Did nature's God from ev'ry other land
Thus sever it by wide tempestuous seas,
And gird it with its rocky walls t' inclose
Barbarians, who should prey on one another?
Were strength and valour giv'n us to defeat
The great Creator's blessings?—Surely not!—
Oft have I heard, or thought I heard, the
Genius

Of Albion thus admonishing her sons :

“ Your seas and rocks, while your undaunted
“ hearts

“ Join in your country's cause, ye Britons,
“ shall

“ Defend you from th' assaults of foreign foes.

“ But should dissention raise th' unnatural
“ rage

“ Of mutual slaughter in your valiant breasts,
“ They

" They but drive back the weak on sure de-
" struction.

" Hence learn to live in concord, and improve

" The arts of peace. Here, as in one great
" house,

" You live, like children of one family:

" So you, like brothers, should join all your
" strength

" To guard your common goods from out-
" ward force,

" Or check the progress of domestic rapine.

CADWALLAN.

Had th' antient sons of Britain so united,
No tyrant Saxon e'er had fill'd her throne.

KENWAL.

We see their errors, but avoid them not!
Ev'n now, we know the envious nations
round us,

Watching th' event of these imprudent wars,
Rejoice to see our folly fight their battles,
And long to seize their self-defeated prey.
Princes of Albion! in that common name

Q²

Be

Be every national distinction lost !
Scorning all less ambition, let us strive,
Best to defend, embellish, and exalt
Our common country. 'Twas this patriot
wish

Which prompted that decision, I have nam'd,
Of those fell contests, else to be bequeath'd,
From fire to son, till universal waste
Depopulate fair Albion's fertile vales.
This to prevent, let all your chiefs agree,
That howsoe'er this combat terminate,
They shall immediately disband their troops,
And live in peace hereafter.

CADWALLAN.

Be it so!

OSRICK.

Then call our captains——They will now
consent.

KENWAL.

Proclaim't to either host!——All must con-
sent:

All

All be spectators of th' important combat ;
 That no contention afterwards may rise
 From false report.—Go bring your marshall'd
 bands

Into the open field without their arms.
 There front to front oppos'd, as if prepar'd
 For battle, let them stand three bow-shot dis-
 tant.

Mine arm'd, in two divisions will I place
 On either flank ; and, in the midst, the chiefs
 Of all our hosts shall form a spacious ring.
 There, Princes, you on equal terms shall fight
 To mortal issue !——May the God of battles
 Direct that dread event to Britain's weal !

CADWALLAN.

Come, let us instantly prepare for it !

[Exit with his train.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

KENWAL, OSRICK, LENA, ELFRIDA, ETC.

KENWAL.

'T IS strange Cadwallan neither knew his
captive,
Nor Ofrick Edwin's son!

OSRICK.

Ha! where is he?
Who dar'd assume that sacred name?

KENWAL.

This youth.

OSRICK.

Too young impostor! Edwin left no son!
His only son before his father fell!

KENWAL.

KENWAL.

I did suspect him. Now I find him false,
O could I likewise find the story false
He told of Lena!

OSRICK.

How?—What story? Ha!—
Was it not him who told of her escape?
What told he more?—What has she suffer'd?
Speak!
Why dost thou tremble? Wherefore turn from
me?—
Oh Kenwal! tell me all: I am prepar'd
To hear the worst. Speak out and end my
misery.

KENWAL.

Can I repeat, or you believe the words
Of one convicted of such gross imposture?

OSRICK.

So! 'tis, it seems, too dreadful for my hear-
ing!

Speak,

Speak, gentle youth! I have forgiv'n thy
fraud;

'Thy harmless fraud: I swear I will not hurt
thee.

Tell, tell me all! It cannot now exceed
The apprehension of a fond, fond husband!
What dost thou know of Lena?

LENA (*fainting.*)

Oh! too much!

ELFRIDA.

Help, help me to support my fainting
friend!

KENWAL.

What scene have these impostors now to
play?

OSRICK.

Sure no imposture could affect me so!

ELFRIDA,

ELFRIDA (*discovering herself.*)

There's no imposture!—Edwin was her
father!

And Kenwal mine!

KENWAL.

Elfrida!

OSRICK.

O my Lena!

She stirs not! breathes not!—Art thou gone
for ever?

KENWAL.

Let us retire. The anguish of this scene
Bears not a stranger's presence.

[*Exit with his attendants.*]

R

SCENE

SCENE VII.

OSRICK, LENA, ELFRIDA.

OSRICK, (*holding her.*)

SHE breathes! She lives!

LENA, (*recovering.*)

Begone, vile murderer!
Hence, murderer of the best of fathers!

OSRICK.

Why dost thou talk so wildly?—'Tis thy
Ofrick.

LENA.

My Ofrick! Yes, 'tis he.—Where have
I been?

OSRICK.

It tremble still! We thought thee gone forever!

LENA.

LENA.

Why, why did I revive?

OSRICK.

T' adorn the world,
And blefs the fondest husband.—

LENA.

Oh, no more!
With me you never can be happy more!

OSRICK.

What means my love? Speak, speak, my
Lena! tell me!—
Let me no more be torn with dire furmises!

LENA.

Fly me! O heav'ns! unworthy now thy
fight!
Fly me polluted!—

OSRICK.

Ha! Polluted!—How?

R 2

LENA.

LENA.

By force!——The villain!——

OSRICK.

No! impossible!
Cadwallan!—Monster! Were it as thou say'st,
Hell has no punishment for such a fiend!

LENA.

Oh me! too true.——My tongue denies to
speak it.

OSRICK.

'Then since thy lightning spar'd the mon-
ster's head,
Hear me, just heav'n! while Osrick has a
thought,
That thought must be of Lena and revenge!

LENA.

My wishes all, like thine are for revenge!
But—in my fancy lately there arose
A terror, which confounds me!

OSRICK.

OSRICK.

Speak it out.

LENA.

Then think not harshly of a woman's fears.
We've heard, that the descendants of the
wicked
Are often punish'd for their parents crimes!
You know not yet ('tis hence my terrors rise)
The blood which gave you birth. What if
you find it
Ally'd to him?

OSRICK.

There is no cause to think so?

LENA.

Perhaps there is not.—But while both
stood here,
Burning with rage, and threatning fell re-
venge;
I thought I saw that likeness in your looks
Which marks the kindred features.

OSRICK.

OSRICK.

Let not this
Imaginary phantom aggravate
Your real sorrows! Groundless 'tis and vain!

LENA.

Vain as it is, it will not from my mind!
Threat echo'd threat, and frown resembled
frown,
As justly as the image in the pool
Reflects the passing cloud that shadows it.

OSRICK.

But though I were ally'd to him, could that
Restrain resentment, or avert my rage?
No!—Though one mother at one ominous
hour
Had to the world produc'd us, Lena's wrongs
Would justify the most compleat revenge.

LENA.

Had you been brothers! Heav'ns! how
that alarms me!

OSRICK.

OSRICK.

Since reason's earliest dawn my strongest
wish
Has been to know my parents!—Hear, great
Pow'r!
Whose awful vengeance trembling mortals
fear!
Hear, and record in solemn form this vow!
"To all intelligence of my descent,
"Lest that should cross my purpose, I'll be
"deaf,
"Till in his hated blood I glut revenge.
"This if I fail in, write my perjur'd name
"In the curst roll of black Perdition's sons.

LENA.

May'st thou return with glorious vic-
tory!
O may the gods preserve that precious life,
For a long train of blissful years to come,
For happiness which I must never taste!

OSRICK.

OSRICK.

What does my Lena mean? Unkind! Thou
know'st
Without thee I have neither joy nor hope.

LENA.

Henceforth no joy no hope remains for
me!
Oh could I find in some far-distant wild,
Amidst the savage rocks, some dismal cave,
So deeply sunk that yet no daring mortal
Has ever sounded its tremendous gloom,
Desperate, I'd plunge into its farthest horrors;
And then implore its rugged jaws to close,
To hide forever an ill-fated wretch,
The tale of fools, the scorn of shameless
dames,
A torment to herself and all who love her!

ELFRIDA, (*coming forward.*)

Divert her, Ofrick, from this fatal pur-
pose.

OSRICK.

OSRICK.

What dreadful resolution lurks within
My Lena's breast?

LENA.

Shall Lena live in shame?

OSRICK.

Would you deprive me of the only hope
That could support me in the hour of danger!
For what is vengeance, victory, or fame,
When there's no Lena to partake the joy?

LENA.

Could'st thou behold the anguish of my
foul,
Ev'n thou, in pity, wouldst present a dagger,
And bid me purchase rest!

OSRICK.

Most shocking thought!
S Heav'ns!

Heav'ns!—Ev'ry word you utter in this
strain,
Sharp as a dagger, wounds me to the heart!
Yet I for thee could suffer worse than death!

LENA.

And worse than death for thee I'll strive to
suffer.
A life of shame is worse, far worse than
death.

OSRICK.

Ah! if thou lov'st me, give me cause to hope,
That, when I have reveng'd our injuries,
Time may efface remembrance, and restore
My Lena's peace, and with it all my bliss.

LENA.

Hope all my resolution can perform.

OSRICK.

Heav'n strengthen that, and we again are
blest.—

Thou

Thou fair, thou kind deliverer of my Queen!
Be still her guardian angel.—Leave her not
While she is anxious for this great event.

ELFRIDA.

Yes, trust her to my care.—If friendship's
pow'r,
If sympathy can soothe her troubled mind,
What claim can equal Lena's on Elfrida?

OSRICK.

Most generous Princess! May the God of
justice
Reward thy virtue with the bliss it merits!
See, Anfrid brings a party to conduct
Us to our camp. Let us advance to meet
him.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

S 2

ACT

(140)

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A CAVE IN A ROCK.

Enter Ofrick and Anfrid.

OSRICK.

HAVE I been here before?—I dream not
now!—

Amazing prodigy!—Evil or good
Uncommon it portends!

ANFRID.

What strikes thee so?

OSRICK.

I ne'er was here before, and yet this place,
Those

Those rocks, those trees, that cave appear as
things
With which my mind has been familiar
long:
For oft have I beheld them in my dreams,
Distinct as now I see them.

ANFRID.

Can it be?

Then, sure, thy mind look'd forward to this
combat,
Which, whether prosperous or not, becomes
The most important action of thy life.

OSRICK.

Dreams us'd not to affect me.—But this
cave
Brings to my memory a scene whose horrors
Made deep impression. 'Twas one solemn
night;
(One of those nights, in which 'tis thought
the faints
Descend with heav'n's behests to pious men;)
That

When I, with more than common warmth,
 had pray'd,
 That God would send my soul some inward
 light,

About the blood from which my being came:
 In such a cave as this, beneath such cliffs,
 And shaded by such boughs, methought I
 found

A venerable man. Him soon I knew
 To be the father I had often sought.
 I ran t' embrace him with a son's affection:
 He seem'd to dash against me, like a wave:
 From which, methought, a black, foul river ran:
 Down this foul current seem'd to float the
 shades

Of drown'd, or drowning wretches: Among
 these,

I saw my Lena struggling still for life.
 I strove to rescue her.—I sunk myself.
 Then horror wak'd me.

ANFRID, (*going towards the cave.*)

We will see this cave!
 Does any living thing inhabit here!

SCENE

SCENE II.

DRUID, (*from the cave entering.*)

TH' indulgent Gods preserve me still in
life.

ANFRID.

Had the heav'n-created father of mankind
Surviv'd till now, he could not have look'd
older !

OSRICK.

Art thou a creature of this earth? Or sent
from heav'n to Ofrick?

DRUID.

And art thou Prince Ofrick?
Th' adopted Son of the Northumbrian King?

OSRICK.

I am that Ofrick: Now Northumbria's
King!

DRUID.

DRUID.

And has my aged fight remain'd to see thee
Restor'd, in manhood, to that princely rank
From which, an infant, thou wast forc'd a-
way?

OSRICK.

For heav'n's sake, what art thou that
know'st so much?

DRUID.

A creature of this earth; so worn with
years,
That to exprefs my nature would require
A name less dignify'd than that of man.

OSRICK.

What wast thou in thy youth?

DRUID.

I was a Druid:
And still, adhering to my native faith,

I worship and adore one God of all,
By the same rites our first forefathers us'd.

ANFRID.

I thought that sect had long since died
away.

DRUID.

My youth beheld its antient priests expire,
The young embrace the fashionable zeal
Of Christians. Constant to my sacred vows,
For many years I, almost singly, stood
Against the progress of that novel faith.
Finding my struggles vain, myself forsaken,
And forc'd th' unequal conflict to decline,
I hither from the scoffing world retir'd.
Full fourscore winters, in this lonely dwell-
ing,
Have I, with fruitless sorrow, mourn'd the
change.

OSRICK.

And has the God, whom thou dost serve,
reveal'd

T

To

To thee alone the secret of my birth?
How could'st thou else, me, or my fortunes
know?

DRUID.

Twice ten times has that oak renew'd his
shade,
Since thy fair mother with her infant son,
Thyself, came hither.—“ Wretched babe,”
she cry'd,
“ I have preserv'd thee from their cruel
“ swords,
“ From flames, at midnight rais'd for horrid
“ ends.”——

OSRICK.

No more!—I'll hear no more.—My ears
are shut!
I find thou know'st the story of my birth.—
Seal yet awhile thy lips, thou holy man,
To that mysterious secret.—I have sworn
This day to rest in ignorance.—This day
Fills up the crisis of my fate.—I'll hear
At my return whate'er thou hast to tell.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

S C E N E III.

DRUID, (*alone.*)

NEVER was day of sorrows usher'd in
 With more ill-boding prodigies. When first
 I view'd the dawning of the morn, it
 seem'd

A vault of variegated flame, and cast
 O'er hills and woods a dismal bloody hue:
 While, like a stream of gore, burst from the
 rocks,

Appear'd yon rapid rill, which down their
 cliffs,

Now white as snow, comes rushing to the
 valley.

This oak, long reverenc'd by holy Druids,
 Without a breeze through all its branches
 shook,

The huge trunk trembled;—and its yet young
 leaves

Fell fast, as in the first frost's nipping blasts.

T 2

Before

Before my cave a fox had seiz'd a fawn :
 Th' impatient mother ran to its relief ;
 Her erring aim slew him she meant to save ;
 And soon herself became th' assailant's prey !
 So the mistaken mother of this Prince,
 Where she design'd his safety, brought his
 ruin.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cadwallan and Oswald.

OSWALD.

HA! who is yonder venerable man ?

CADWALLAN.

An antient Druid, last of all his race ;
 Himself the sole surviving monument
 Of that extinguish'd faith.—Twice has he told
 The natural age of man ; yet sound his mind,
 And vigorous yet his frame : Such the re-
 ward

Of virtuous temperance, of a life so pure,
As had done honour to the best religion.

DRUID.

Health, honour, power, content, and peace
of mind,
Bless long the days and nights of Britain's
King!

CADWALLAN.

Thanks, reverend Druid.—What hast
thou with me?

DRUID.

Let not, my Liege, an unjust prejudice
Against the faith of Druids, shut thine ear
To the sound counsel of far-sighted age.

CADWALLAN.

Whate'er thy counsel, thou mayst freely
speak.

DRUID.

Then do not fight.—Defeat or victory
Alike

Alike are fatal. Thence destruction comes
To thee or thine.

CADWALLAN.

What demon told thee this?

DRUID.

No demon, Sir,—no supernatural pow'r!
I speak from certain knowledge of the past.

CADWALLAN.

Whate'er thy knowledge be, I heed it not.
For now to end this war, I go to meet
My hated rival in a single combat.

DRUID.

O Britain's King, for whose prosperity
I lift these aged hands in earnest prayer,
With each day's rising and declining light!
Shun, I beseech thee, shun this dreadful
combat.

CADWALLAN.

Think not t' ensnare me, Druid, by such arts

As crafty priests of false religions use
T' intimidate the superstitious mind :
For I regard no prophecies, no dreams,
No secrets told by visionary saints.

DRUID.

Avoid this combat.—But enquire no
more.

CADWALLAN.

First you must tell me why I should avoid
it.

DRUID.

That I have sworn that I would never tell.

CADWALLAN.

What!—Sworn!—To whom? Some dis-
contented slave,
Who has conspir'd against my life or pow'r?
Dost thou refuse t' obey the King's com-
mands,
And fear'st thou not the torture?

DRUID.

DRUID.

Torture!—No!

Have you not known me yet?—Then know
me now!

In life's gay spring, when at the touch of joy
The ready-kindling spirits quickly flash
In sweetest raptures through the glowing
nerves,

Disdaining pleasures, wealth, and proffer'd
pow'r,

Rather than violate my vows, I chose
This life of poverty, and man's contempt.
Were not these worse to bear than death or
torture?

Now age, the winter of man's life, has frozen
Each channel of delight in these cold limbs.
I've scarce a wish for life;—for death no ter-
ror.

CADWALLAN.

Thou ever wast esteem'd a wond'rous man,
Whom human hopes or fears affected little.
But death and torture make the boldest shake.

And

And those canst thou, so worn with age de-
spise?

DRUID.

Some fools, whose spirits with their limbs
decay,
Grow fonder still of life, as that grows worth-
less.

But think not I am such.—No, no, my
King!

Now life to me is like a tedious tale
Oft heard before: I long for its conclusion.

Serene in torture, I should smile to think—

“Now I shake off this load of wretchedness!

“Now, now, I hasten to applauding gods!

CADWALLAN.

Already thou seem’st more than man! Divine
Thou growest as thy mortal parts decay!
And dost thou, like a God, see things before
Their forms are visible to human sight?

DRUID.

This I can see: That if thou fight with Osrick,
U Fatal

Fatal that fight will prove!

CADWALLAN.

To me, or mine?
Such were thy former words.

DRUID.

And present thoughts,

CADWALLAN.

Whom call'st thou mine?—For children
now nor wife,
Nor parent, brother, kindred have I none.

DRUID.

Thou hadst a wife and son.

CADWALLAN.

Alas! I had!——
But have no more!—You knew their dread-
ful fate!

OSWALD.

OSWALD.

I've heard that they were in their castle
burnt,
While thou, far distant on a desert island,
With many hardships struggled all alone.

CADWALLAN.

Yes.—In my absence I did suffer much:
But more,—much more, when I arriv'd at
home.

'OSWALD.

And those more bitter, as you hop'd for
joy.

CADWALLAN.

With what glad raptures did I hail the
light
Of that long-wish'd-for morning, which display'd
The distant vessel's sail;—when from the
waves

U 2

The

The mariners receiv'd me!—Prosperous
gales

Soon brought me joyful to my native stream,
'Twas midnight when I came ashore. Elate
With ev'ry tender hope of wife and son,
I painted to myself their sweet distress
In the first transports of unhop'd-for joy!
But, oh!—how different was the scene I
found!

OSWALD.

Ah!—Had you never heard of their dis-
astre?

CADWALLAN.

Not, till I saw it in my castle's ruin.—
I went to the next cottage. There a stripling
Scoff'd at my raggedness. But round my
neck,
His well-known master's neck, the father
flew.—

Enquiring of my Emma, I was told,
She and her son, when now his thoughtless
smiles

Had

Had just begun to soothe her widowed sorrow,
Perish'd (oh horror !) in devouring fire !

DRUID.

Perhaps they dy'd not there.

CADWALLAN.

They dy'd not there !
Why then, they still may live !

DRUID.

Enquire no more.—
For yet I dare not speak. Defer this combat,
Till twice the sun shall warm the western
waves;
And—thou may'st hear—

CADWALLAN.

Of Emma shall I hear ?

DRUID.

Defer the combat,—and thou may'st— be
happy.

CAD-

CADWALLAN.

Defer the combat!—Ha!—To hear of
Emma!

For that vain hope, vain though I think it be,
What would I not?—I'd beg my life of Of-
rick!

I'd give that slave my kingdom!—I would
fly

From the lov'd bustle of th' embattled field,
And let report arraign me for a coward!

[Exit with Oswald.]

S C E N E V.

DRUID, (*alone.*)

WERE it not better yet to follow him,
And tell him all? To this humanity
Inclines: But from that sacred oak a voice
Of more than human sound, methinks, ex-
claims:

“Poor son of earth! think not t' elude thy God!

“That

" That God, who hates the perjur'd, sees thee
" now !

" What thou hast promis'd in his fight, per-
" form ;

" Though there destruction seem to gape for
" thee !

" What God resolves can he not bring' about,
" Without thy feeble aid !"——Almighty
Pow'r !

Thy will be done ! But O enlight my soul
By some sure impulse : Such as oft I've felt
When thus distracted with important doubts.
Upon my couch I'll wait thy visitation.

[*Goes into his cave.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Emma and Etha.

EMMA.

THAT cave of devils !—Has it yet escap'd
Th' avenging bolt ?

RANDA.

ETHA.

Alas! you make me fear
Your brain's disorder'd!—Could this cave of-
fend you?

EMMA.

There was my fatal resolution form'd!
My vow imprudent!—If you knew the
cause,
You'd wonder at my patience.

ETHA.

What it was
That made you to the world prefer the con-
vent,
I never yet could learn.—When first you
came,
You chose me for your friend; and oft thought
Surprising you in tears, enquir'd the cause;
You only answer'd me with silent groans.
Your grief was recent then; and yet you
seem'd
Resign'd with patience to the will of heav'n.
Amaz'd

Amaz'd I now see your affliction's wounds;
After they seem'd by twenty summers heal'd,
Burst out at once without apparent cause!
Frantic and wild, you sudden call on me,
By all our friendship, at the midnight hour,
To follow thee.—I know not why or whither!

EMMA.

Thy love, indeed, deserv'd more confidence.
Forgive me; for I thought my reasons good.
I find I was deceiv'd.

ETHA.

Deceiv'd?—By whom?

EMMA.

Hell's ministers, by true religion driven
From holy fanes, fled with their Druids hither,
And round this cursed cave they hover'd long,
To ruin wretches who confided in them.
Deceiv'd by them, I never told my story.

X

Scarce

Scarce dare I yet disclose it; though I find
That to obey those demons is perdition.

ETHA.

You make me more impatient still to hear
Your story told.

EMMA.

Oh!—Had I told it sooner,
I had not been thus wretched!

ETHA.

Tell it now.

EMMA.

Here dwelt a Druid. Wisdom stamp'd
with age,
And firm integrity, made him rever'd.
But some infernal demon 'twas, that there
He for a god ador'd!—For, sure, from hell,
Malicious hell, arose that dream, which
caus'd
The miseries of Emma?—By that name

Well

Well was the Queen of brave Cadwallan
known.—

ETHA.

'Thou Emma!—Heav'ns!—The great Cad-
wallan's Queen?

EMMA.

That wretch (too sure!) am I.

ETHA.

Then by what chance
Didst thou escape the flames?—For she, 'twas
said,
Was with her infant son burnt in their castle.

EMMA.

So 'twas believ'd; nor could my friends
conceive,
From any circumstance, the smallest hope.
At midnight blaz'd the castle all around us;
And cruel murd'ers watch'd at ev'ry gate.
Death seem'd inevitable!—With my babe
I ran despairing to a lofty tow'r;

X 2

Resolv'd

Resolv'd at once to end our misery!
Heav'n had not so decreed!——Preserv'd for
this!——

ETHA.

Say, how preserv'd?

EMMA.

A faithful maid withheld me.
She told me that there still were hopes of
life.——

Under the ground the castle's fountain sent
Into the river its superfluous waters.
By that dark winding channel one might pass
The castle's limits. On our knees and hands,
Groping our fearful way, at last we gain'd
Its farthest end. But there a steep, rough rock
We must descend to reach the river's verge.
I went down first, and as the maid bent for-
ward
To give the infant to my outstretch'd arms,
The brittle rock gave way.——She fell, she
died!

ETHA.

ETHA.

But still the child was safe?

EMMA.

A moment's joy

Sooth'd grief and terror to find him unhurt!

But ev'ry object round us threat'ned then

An instant death; and not less horrible.

Aloft the spiry flames ascend! The stars

Are in the lustre lost! Far round, the plain

Was visible as in the light of day.

Close by me I beheld unnumber'd ruffians,

Whose weapons, flashing through the night,

sent back

A dismal gleam on their grim visages!

In those I read the features of dire murder,

Intent to make a prey of any wretch,

That might attempt to fly the dreadful

flames.—

'Twas thou, almighty Pow'r! that gav'st me

strength!

'Twas thou supported'st me and mad'st me

see

The

The friendly shades along the river's banks
Caus'd by a range of rocks!—Through those
I stole,

And, unmolested, reach'd this Druid's cave.
I blest the kind retreat!—I knew not then
That sorrows, still more horrid than the past,
Should thence arise to me, and to my Ofrick!

ETHA.

Ofrick thy son?

EMMA.

Mine and Cadwallan's too!

ETHA.

From thy misconduct come thy present
sorrows!

Four years are past since Britain's King re-
turn'd,
And yet he knows not of his son or thee.

EMMA.

Ha! Did you know before of his return?
And

And wherefore did you never tell it me?
To avoid suspicion I, indeed, declin'd
All talking of him; and I never heard
Of his return, but with the dreadful tale,
Which made me thus so frantic, thus to rave,
And thus to conjure thee to follow me,
And thus resolv'd to go and tell him all.

ETHA.

But wherefore, since you chose me for your
friend,
Did you conceal yourself so long from me?

EMMA.

Thence all my sorrows come!—But in a
dream,
While here I rested, one, I thought, from
heav'n,
Bid me with care conceal my son's descent;
For when he knew his parents, he should
die.

Fearful I wak'd, and by a dreadful oath
I swore my story never should be told.
(Oh! hard necessity, that now compells me!)

I

I bound the Druid by a similar vow
To eternal silence.

ETHA.

Impious 'tis to enquire,
And vain to know the future will of heav'n!
Sorrow foreknown is felt before it comes.
Our blind endeavours to prevent it, oft
Promote it most.

EMMA.

'Too true thy words!—My caution
Brings forth the woes I fear'd!

ETHA.

Is this the Druid?

SCENE

SCENE VII.

To them the Druid from his cave.

EMMA.

COULD nature hold so long?—Art thou
the same?—

The same thou art, by twenty years un-
chang'd!

DRUID.

To me all-wasting time had done his worst,
Ere thou didst see me, Lady! But though
thou

Wast then in new-blown beauty's brightest
bloom,

That bloom is not so faded yet by years,

But still the princely features I discern

Of one, whose presence honour'd once my
cell.

Y

EMMA.

EMMA.

I find thou know'st me!—Druid, dost
thou know
What sorrows have from our misconduct
sprung?

DRUID.

Too well, too well!—The King of Britons now
Was with me here; and Ofrick scarce had left
me,
When he arriv'd.

EMMA.

Ah!—Whither are they gone?

DRUID.

They go resolv'd each other to destroy
In single combat.

EMMA.

Single combat?—Heav'ns!
Are

Are the most horrid means selected still
For our undoing?—Guide me to them,
Druid!

DRUID.

I will, as fast as these my feeble limbs
Can reach the place.

EMMA.

Didst thou not let them know
The horror that is in this purpos'd combat?

DRUID.

You know I swore eternal secrecy!

EMMA.

Then all is lost!—The dreadful deed is
done!
And now, perhaps, expiring in his wounds,
Panting and pale he lies, whom fav'ring
heav'n
From greater horror rescues!—Let me close
His dying eyes!—But smile not at his fall,
Y 2 Victor

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Victor accurs'd!—Soon shalt thou envy
him:

Soon blasted shall thy wreaths of triumph
be;

And chang'd thy joy to bitterness and hor-
ror.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

The Outside of the Wood.

OSRICK, LENA, ELFRIDA, AND HANNA.

OSRICK.

NO! thy too anxious spirit could not bear
Its own emotions at a sight so shocking!——
'Twere better to remain within thy tent.
Swift messengers shall ev'ry minute fly
To thee with tidings of thy Ofrick's fate:
And thither will I haste, if I shall conquer,
To crown my conquest with my Lena's joy.

LENA.

If you shall conquer?——Still you set be-
fore me

Uncertain

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My

My fancy sees in that distracting thought !
The haughty victor claims me as his due,
By conquest won !——My race !——Cadwal-
lan's race !——

OSRICK.

No ! To secure thee from such fears, a troop,
Selected from our swiftest cavalry,
Shall ready-mounted wait around thy tent.
They, if I fall in fight, shall lodge thee safe
Within the walls of some blest sanctuary.

LENA.

Then that blest sanctuary will be thy
grave !

ELFRIDA.

Near thy own castle is that famous convent,
To which ill-fated ladies, far and near
Resorting, fly from worldly care and sorrow.
As spring's soft dews and gentle suns restore
To life the frost-flain beauties of the year,
Devotion there makes minds depress'd with
woe

To

To smile again in all the bloom of joy.
Thither I'll likewise fly, and stay with thee.
That sacred place no ruffian dares invade,
However great or powerful.—Ev'ry Christian
Would rise t' avenge such daring sacrilege.

LENA.

Could I live any where without my Osrick,
'Twould be in such a sad society.
With sympathizing heart I'd hear them all
Relate their various tales of misery.
But oh! their woes could never equal mine!

OSRICK.

Let not my Lena's fears anticipate
That sorrow which may never come.—Be
happy
While yet you may!—Grief ever comes
too soon.—
Our trumpets found!—The army all pre-
par'd!—
Farewell, my Lena!—Thou, her gen'rous
friend,

Farewell

Farewell a while! I hope to meet you soon
In peace and safety. O, my Queen! fare-
well!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

LENA (*fainting.*)

O MY Ofrick!

ELFRIDA.

Help, Hanna, help, support her!

HANNA.

She recovers.

LENA.

Why wilt thou leave me?—Stop, O stop
his wounds!

Traitors, ye might have sav'd!—Where am
I?—Ha!

Z

ELFRIDA.

ELFRIDA.

Lady, there is no frightful object near us
Thy Ofrick still is safe.

LENA.

My brain's confus'd!—
A sudden damp came o'er my fearful soul,
Prefaging that I ne'er should see him more.
Farewell I would have said; but on my tongue
The accents fail'd unform'd, and sense for-
sook me.

ELFRIDA.

Ha! 'tis Cadwallan comes!

LENA.

Where shall we shun
The hated sight of him?

ELFRIDA.

Here are some bushes.
In these we will conceal us, till he pass.

[They retire.]

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter Cadwallan and Druid.

CADWALLAN.

O WERE this truth!——How foolish! how
romantic

Is it to wish for what I cannot hope!

Wouldst thou deceive me? Or art thou de-
ceiv'd?

Both wise and honest thou wast ever
thought!——

Some dream absurd it is of doating age!——

DRUID.

Nay then, behold herself!

SCENE IV.

To them Emma and Randa.

CADWALLAN.

HA! Can it be?

Yet art thou not some unsubstantial form
Rais'd by some demon? Emma! Dost thou
live?

EMMA.

Ah! Canst thou doubt I live, and am thy
Emma?

CADWALLAN.

Whate'er thou art, I must embrace thee!—
Oh!——
My Queen! my Queen!

EMMA.

Thy ever loving wife!

CAD-

CADWALLAN.

Where hast thou been? How, how, didst
thou escape
The fire? Ah! wherefore hast thou shunn'd
so long
My kind embraces?—

EMMA.

'Twere tedious now to tell how I escap'd,
And since unknown liv'd in Northumbria's
convent.—

'Till now I never heard of thy return!

CADWALLAN.

Grow, grow forever to my happy heart!
Art thou indeed my Emma?—Stand a-
part!
Let me again behold thy face!—The same!—
Oh happiness beyond my fondest wishes!—
The day that brought thee first a yielding
bride,
In all the bloom of beauty to my arms,
Gave not such bliss as this more happy day,
In

In which I find thee now redeem'd from
death.

EMMA.

O never may a thought of what is past
With pain embitter future happiness.

CADWALLAN.

Torment not thy dear breast with what is
past!—
I ne'er forgot thee!—No!—Could I have
hop'd
To see thee thus, my heart had never known
Another flame!—Heav'n knows what pain I
felt
At my return, to find that thou wast gone!
'Twas the remembrance of the dear, dear bliss
I knew with Emma, made me hope to find
Again such pleasure with another bride:
But in the softest raptures of that love,
'The thoughts of thee still check'd my rising
joy,
And tears of secret anguish flow'd within

EMMA.

EMMA.

I can believe thee, and forgive thee too.
But oh!—My son!—My son!—

CADWALLAN.

Thy son!—Alas! he perish'd in the
flames!—
Or was he sav'd?—And did he lately die?
And mourn'st thou now for him?

EMMA.

For him and thee!

CADWALLAN.

'Tis impious now to mourn!—Bless boun-
teous heav'n,
That thus hath rais'd us, as from death, to
taste
Such unexpected, long-despair'd-of joy!
Nay heav'n in mercy drew this vail of sorrow,
O'er th' else too dazzling brightness of our
bliss;

For

For had our son surviv'd, we must have sunk
Under excess of pleasure.

EMMA.

He survives!

CADWALLAN.

Ha!——Have I heard thee right!

EMMA.

Thy son lives still.

CADWALLAN.

He lives! Where is he? Let me fly t' embrace

My son yet never seen! My Emma's son!
He too preserv'd?——Oh happiness too great.

EMMA, (*aside.*)

Oh happiness too soon I fear to end!

CADWALLAN.

Thy cheeks are wet; but 'tis not with the
streams

Of bliss exstatic as Cadwallan's are!
Thy tears, my Emma, seem with pain to
 flow
From sorrow's fountain.

EMMA.

O my son! my son!

CADWALLAN.

His state unknown, serves he the surly
 pride
Of some poor upstart Lord, to greatness grown
Upon the ruins of his rifled fortunes?

EMMA.

O my Cadwallan!—shun this horrid com-
 bat!
Thy foe thou know'st not!

CADWALLAN.

Ofrick's race unknown!
Defend me from such thoughts, ye gracious
 Pow'rs!——
Perhaps!——Most horrid!——

A a

EMMA.

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EMMA.

Ofrick is thy son!

CADWAILLAN.

Ofrick!——Great God!——

(Whilst he stands astonished, Lena from the grove, Elfrida holding her.)

LENA.

Art thou my friend? And wilt thou hold
me still?

To rocks, to floods unfathom'd let my fly!

[Exit with Elfrida.]

CADWALALN.

What have I done!——Earth, dost thou
bear me still?

Open thy hollow graves!——Gape from thy
center!

Disclose thy yawning womb to swallow quick
The wretch who never more can face the light!

EMMA.

EMMA.

Wilt thou, for valour once so fam'd, now
fly
For refuge, like a coward, to despair?

CADWALLAN, (*starting up.*)

Yes!——'Tis a coward's part to wish for
death!——
Death sits on any sword.
[*Draws his sword.*]

EMMA.

My Lord!—My life!
What wilt thou do?——By all the tender love
You once profest for Emma——

CADWALLAN.

Off! Away!
Thou art my bane! my curse! the first dire
cause
Of all my woe! Accurs'd be that sad day
In which I first beheld thy fatal charms!

A a 2

EMMA.

EMMA.

Strike here!—O strike this breast below'd
no more!

CADWALLAN.

Ha! Strike my Emma?—Never, Emma,
never!

EMMA.

Shall Emma live to be thy bane and curse?
No!—Let me die!—But kill me with the
sword;
And not with sharper curses and unkindness.

CADWALLAN.

Unkindness, Emma? I unkind to thee?—
I curs'd, indeed, our fate!—Had I not
cause?
Have I not cause for madness and despair?
But thee, for whom my youthful heart first
felt
The pleasing flames of love, thee, whose dear
image

Came

Came ev'ry night to soothe me in my dreams,
And seem'd before me all the tedious day;
How many tedious days! while stormy seas
Kept us afunder; thee, my best lov'd,
I could not curse. Yet, yet, we might be
 blest'd,
Did not these hideous monsters of my guilt—

EMMA.

I was th' unhappy cause!—Be mine the
 guilt!
To him shew mercy, Heav'n!

CADWALLAN.

Know'st thou my crimes?
In heav'n itself my soul could taste no peace.
I carry hell within me!

EMMA.

Let us hope,
That the discovery of some hidden truth
May, by Heav'n's favour, yet restore our
 peace.

CAD-

CADWALLAN.

Could Heav'n discover that he's not my son!
Or Lena not his wife!——I've hear'd, or
dream'd,
Of spirits, that have from the cradle stolen
The rich man's heir, and to his place con-
vey'd
An infant of some poor, but virtuous parents,
To be Heav'n's favourite.

EMMA.

Infants have been chang'd.
Oh! trust to any thing but rash despair!

CADWALLAN.

O would to God I could but be deceiv'd!
Tell me how it might be, and I'll compel
My faith, against all reason, to believe it,
And still pursue him with a rival's rage.

EMMA.

What rival?——O Cadwallan!——Think
what rival!

CAD-

CADWALLAN.

Have we no cause to think he was ex-
chang'd ?

EMMA.

No cause alas !—These arms through foes
and fires

To safety stole him !—In this Druid's cave
I rested with him. There fallacious dreams
Deceiv'd me. One, I thought from heav'n,
Bid me with care conceal myself and him ;
For when he knew his parents he should die.

CADWALLAN.

And was it for a dream he was conceal'd ?
Thus 'tis to trust the prophecies of hell !
Cadwallan's son should have been known to
all ;

And ere his manhood led confederate kings
Against his father's foes, repair'd my palace,
And shar'd his power with thee : Then had I
found,

When I return'd, a paradise at home,

Instead

Instead of ruins, horrors, guilt, and hell.
How was he carried to Northumbria's court?
Didst thou exchange him, Druid?—Say thou
didst!

I'll give thee half his kingdom.

EMMA.

'Twas not he!—
O'er steep rough hills, wide valleys, woods
and rivers
I travell'd with my infant all alone.—
Far to the west the full-orb'd moon declin'd
The tenth night ere I reach'd to Edwin's gate.
With tears, with prayers, in blessings and
embraces,
Till th' envious lark hail'd the returning
dawn,
I fondly hugg'd him.—Then, good heav'n,
I left
My dear, dear child to changeful fortune's
care.

CADWALLAN.

But what determin'd thee to go to Edwin,
Not

Not to thy brother Kenwal.

EMMA.

'Twas my dream,
Determin'd me to travel with my son
Where neither could be known; and let the
world

Believe that both had perish'd in the flames.
Northumbria's famous convent promised
A dwelling to my wish; and having heard
Of Edwin's fam'd benevolence, I hop'd
My son in that might find a father's care.
In that a father's care and more he found.—
Ah! ill-repaid at last.—

CADWALLAN, (*aside.*)

By my curf's'd hand.
That, like a dagger, stabs me to the heart!

EMMA.

Although a foundling of a race unknown,
He grew in favour, fame, and happiness,
Till in an evil hour——

B b

CAD-

CADWALLAN.

Till that black hour,
In which his father kill'd his better father!
And——Were ye all asleep, ye ministers
Of heav'nly vengeance?——O what mercy
then
Had been your thunder!——Is his race un-
known?

EMMA.

It is unknown to all, but these now pre-
sent.

CADWALLAN.

So must it be for ever! Could I think
That any here would utter it, my sword
This instant should prevent it.—Yes, the devil
Has once spoke truth?——For sure 'twould
break his heart
To know himself the son of such a monster.
But he shall never know it.—All must
swear.—
Lay all your hands upon your hearts, and
swear,

By all your hopes of blifs, and fears of pain,
Here or hereafter, you will ne'er reveal it.

ALL, (*with their hands on their breasts.*)

By all our hopes of blifs and fears of pain,
Here, or hereafter, we will ne'er reveal it.

CADWALLAN.

Then he may live, and in my death be
happy.

EMMA.

What means this language?

CADWALLAN.

'Tis resolv'd.

EMMA.

Thy death!

CADWALLAN.

What is beyond the grave?—A long dark
chaos

B b 2

Which

Which human sight could never penetrate!
'Twas Superstition first begot on Fancy
Those phantoms which invade our infant
thoughts,

Ere reason guards them!—Yet, I find, they
grow

To a force too great for reason, or for wisdom,
Or proud philosophy t' expel. Our vanity
In boasting would disguise the weak belief:
But all are conscious of their inward fears!
Ev'n virtue trembles at th' approach of death!
Then what must guilt, what must Cadwallan
feel?

EMMA.

Despair and horror are in all thy words.

CADWALLAN.

Is it to fall asleep, and wake no more?
Or shall we, as religion teacheth us,
When these our limbs are moulder'd into
earth,
Exist, and still be blest'd or miserable,
According as our lives have merited!

O God! thou know'st my life!—But this!—

O this!—

Could any action for this guilt atone?

EMMA.

Thou hast been more unfortunate than
guilty.

CADWALLAN.

Yes: There a ray of hope begins to rise,
And in it death's most dreadful phantoms
fade!—

Heav'n must approve, and all its host admire
My latest act!—I die that he may live!—
One last embrace! And then,—we part for
ever!

[*Going.*

EMMA.

O let me follow thee!

CADWALLAN.

I charge thee not.

Keep

(198)

Keep our important secret! Come not near me
Till I am——stretch'd in death.

[Exit]

S C E N E V.

EMMA, ETHA, DRUID.

EMMA.

AND is he gone,
To rush upon the weapon of his son?
I will prevent it yet!——I'll go to Kenwal;
I'll tell my brother all!——

DRUID.

Have we not sworn?

EMMA.

Sure perjury were far less damnable!
O dreadful oath!——Sworn that we would
 permit
The son to slay the father?

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

(To them enter *Lena* disordered, *Elfrida* following.)

LENA.

SON and father!

If knowingly, and with consenting heart,
Thou hast committed——No. Thou mayst
repent!
Repent in time! Repent.

ELFRIDA.

Help me to hold her!
It is Northumbria's Queen, driv'n by her
wrongs
To rave thus wildly.

LENA.

Would'st thou wrong me too,
Thou with the hoary beard? O beastly vice!
Detestable in all; but in the head,
That

That shakes the snow of years, most odious
Foh!
Go say thy pray'rs!

EMMA.

She's raving mad!—To me that state were
bliss!

[Exit with Ethelred.]

SCENE VII.

LENA, ELFRIDA, DRUID.

LENA.

THOUGH I by force was to the altar dragg'd
And sacrific'd to devils, I am spotless.
Spotless as thou, or thou!—Ha!—Who
art thou?

ELFRIDA.

Dost thou not know me, Lady?

LENA.

LENA.

 Thee I know,
Thou kindest-hearted maid!—When I'm an
 angel,
I'll hover round.—O hadst thou been an
 angel!
But what is he, who wears that long gray
 beard,
Scoffing old age? Thou art the devil's priest?
And would'st thou turn me from the way to
 heav'n?
In spite of hell, my innocence shall soar
Above the eagle.—Aye beyond the sun!

DRUID.

Conduct her to her tent. I'll send some
 herbs,
Which still the senses to repose, and oft
Shake such disorders from the troubled mind.

LENA.

Who, who shall hold me?—See the clouds
 make way

C c

For

For me to enter! Glorious, glorious fight!
Thousands of angels call me in sweet songs!
How shall I to their heav'nly harmony
Attune my mortal voice?

(Sings.)

*Adieu, vain world of childish cares!
Of idle hopes, and foolish fears!
Now, now, I take a noble flight,
Beyond where storms and thunders war;
Beyond each cloud, and ev'ry star,
To th' utmost bounds of heav'nly light!*

ELFRIDA.

Ah! Lady!—Thou may'st still be blest
on earth.

LENA.

What! still on earth?—Still with a body
clogg'd,
That scents pollution! Off mortality!
Off, off corruption!—

[Tearing her cloaths.
But

But who shall guide me through the long,
dark region

That lies betwixt us and the heav'nly man-
sions?—

He comes!—He comes!—Do I not know
my father?

I saw thy wounds!—I saw thy bosom
pierc'd!—

I saw thy soul come forth!—Ha! wilt thou
leave me?

Stay! wrap me with thee in thy bloody
shroud!

[Runs out, they all follow her.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

AN OPEN PLAIN.

Prince Arthur, with some officers of the Britons.

ARTHUR.

BEFORE thou sett'st, O sun, thou may'st behold

Thy rays flash from a crown on Arthur's brow.

FIRST OFFICER.

Yes, valiant Arthur, if Cadwallan fall,
Thou art the first in merit as in blood
To rule the antient Britons.

SECOND

SECOND OFFICER.

'Tis reported,
That the conditions of the fight will be,
That he who conquers shall possess the realm
Of him that falls.

ARTHUR.

No!—While the streams of life
Run in my veins, though Britons all forsake
me,
I will oppose it with my single sword.
I'll be your King, or die attempting it.

ALL THE OFFICERS.

We with our lives will Arthur's right
maintain.

ARTHUR.

So ev'ry Briton should.—But Britons
now
No longer breathe that free, that manly spi-
rit,
With

With which our fires untaught, unarm'd, op-
pos'd
Th' all conquering Romans. Ev'n our wo-
men then,
Fierce in the front of war, perform'd such
feats,
As their enfeebled sons now quake to hear.

THIRD OFFICER.

Both combatants now to this spot advance;
Whence one of them must never more de-
part.

SECOND OFFICER,

Our King approaches.

ARTHUR.

If my judgement err not,
There is a strange confusion in his looks!
[They go to a side.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Cadwallan.

(A trumpet heard.)

CADWALLAN.

THE trumpet and the impending war no
more

Excite the raptures they were wont to do!

Now, like the death-man's warning to the felon,

They summon me to my determin'd doom!

Hence ev'ry fear?—Rise valour's wonted
flame,

Life, royal pride, and sentiments of honour,

Life in my breast!—Let me with dignity

And kingly grace conclude a life of troubles!

SCENE

SCENE III.

*Enter Kenwal with his attendants, and Osrick
with his.*

KENWAL.

YE Princes, range yourselves in order round

*(Osrick and his nobles arrange themselves on the
side of the stage opposite to Cadwallan and his
Kenwal draws up his officers, with guards
on the front and back part between them.)*

KENWAL.

The combat now proceeds, if all approve

CADWALLAN.

I do approve.

OSRICK.

And I,

ALL THE OFFICERS.

And all of us.

KENWAL.

Then British and Northumbrian chiefs,
give ear,
To the conditions which I've sworn to enforce.—

If any dare infringe them, or disturb,
By weapon, action, gesture, signal, word,
Or any other way, the combatants,
I join the other side, against th' aggressor,
With my whole force.—Whatever Prince's
fate

It is to fall, both armies must disperse,
And with revengeful wars on this account
Exhaust no more the precious blood of Albion;

CADWALLAN.

More must be added.—Let the conquering
King
Inherit the dominions of the vanquish'd;
D d And

And the fair prize for which the war began,
Northumbria's Queen, become the victor's
due.

OSRICK.

From this I must dissent.—Northumbria's
Queen,
Or her dominions, nothing can transfer
But her own free consent.

CADWALLAN.

With that alone
I wish to have her. Be my kingdom thine,
If I should fall.—And I, through Lena's love,
If 'tis thy fate, expect to inherit thine.

OSRICK.

Through Lena's love!—To the most odious
monster
That crawls on earth she'd fly t' avoid thy
love!

CADWALLAN, (*aside.*)

O scorn that well becomes thee! Yet forbear
My

My swelling heart, else I must lose my purpose.

Oh that I now could clasp thee to my breast!
But that must never be!—Come on, thou braggart!

OSRICK.

Aye! to thy heart thou monster!—Ha!
what now?

S C E N E IV.

AN OLD SOLDIER, (*entering hastily.*)

EMMA!—The tale so much exceeds belief,

That, mighty Princes, though these eyes have seen her,

I should be dumb, were she not here herself
To vouch it.

KENWAL.

Emma!—Who!—What Emma dost thou mean?

D d 2

SOLDIER.

SOLDIER.

Emma, thy sister! The fair Queen of Britons.
Like one distracted with her fears she raves.
The soldiers cannot, without violence,
Withhold her from her husband.

KENWAL.

And knew you this?

CADWALLAN.

Ah! let her not disturb the combat now.—
But, if I fall, O Kenwal, comfort Emma!—
Now, Ofrick, come.

OSRICK.

For Lena and her wrongs.
[*Fight.*]

(As they are fighting, Emma comes behind the attendants of Kenwal.)

KENWAL.

Amazing providence!—'Tis she, indeed!

SCENE

SCENE V.

EMMA.

YE traitors! murderers!—Let me save
his life!

My brother! Canst thou calmly stand to see
A fight so shocking?

KENWAL, (*holding her.*)

Emma!—My sister!—For the love of
heav'n!—

You give th' advantage to his enemy!—

EMMA.

You know not what you do!—He falls!
He's slain!

CADWALLAN, (*falling.*)

Aye, justly slain!—The better cause
prevails!

[*Dies.*

EMMA.

EMMA.

And art thou gone! — Thou canst return
no more!

O my Cadwallan! O my love! My husband.

[Falling on the body.]

OSRICK.

Haste Anfrid, tell the Queen of our success
Tell her, that I by this revenge have gain'd
The kingdom of the Briton. Let our trumpets
Proclaim our victory to all around.

*[Northumbrian trumpets sound, and the
my shouts within.]*

ARTHUR, *(coming forward.)*

Kenwal, you know my claim to Britain's
throne!

And you, who would usurp that diadem,
Which never sat but on a Briton's brow,
Know, that since this brave Prince's hapless fall
I am the first of that illustrious blood
Which govern'd Britons since their race be-
gan.

Nor can Cadwallan's will rob me of that

Which

Which customs, antient and invariable
As Albion's mountains, have confirmed mine.

OSRICK.

Yourself and all agreed to the conditions.
Tis mine by conquest ;—and it shall remain
so !

ARTHUR.

It is not conquer'd while one Briton lives.

KENWAL.

By these old customs you have mention'd,
Emma
May claim the crown ; for Britons ever suffer'd
The Queen of him who rul'd them last, to
reign
During her life.—My sister, then, arise,
And claim thy kingdom !—Leave a breath-
less husband !
A brother still is here to guard thy right.

EMMA, (*rising.*)

My brother ! Oh ! in any hour but this

Of

Of hopeless misery, that sight were happiness!

KENWAL.

Alas! What miseries has Emma suffer'd!
O my poor sister!—I must mourn with thee.

OSRICK, (*aside.*)

Her anguish wrings my heart! Revenge is
dead!
She never did me wrong.—But why should I
Feel thus the sorrows of an enemy?

EMMA, (*aside looking on Osrick.*)

Didst thou bring all these miseries on me?
Thou dear unhappy boy! But down my heart

ARTHUR, (*aside.*)

She looks not on the man that slew her
Lord
With stern resentment, or with hatred
frown!——
Nay, there is something more.—By heav'n's
affection!

EMMA

EMMA.

How could you permit it?—
How could you, O my brother, see him slain?

KENWAL.

Ha! Did Cadwallan know thou wast in
life?
Did he forget thee, then, in the conditions,
Which he propos'd himself? Yes, while thou
liv'st,
Thou shalt, my sister, be the Queen of Bri-
tons.

EMMA.

No earthly kingdom now can give me
joy!
Cadwallan's will be done in ev'ry thing.

ARTHUR.

Hear this, ye Britons!—Now, with man-
ly hearts
Repel this shame; or hide your dastard heads
With hunted monsters in the barren rocks,

E e

To

To which usurping Saxons have confin'd you,
Shall Britain's throne, that never yet was
fill'd,

But by a race descended from the gods,
Be now polluted by—we know not whom!
A bastard of some nameless slave, produc'd
By some lewd dame; who, that she might
again

Pursue without restraint her sordid pleasures,
Expos'd her child to starve;—or feed on alms!

OSRICK.

Russian! no more.—

EMMA.

Ungenerous and unjust!
Wherefore asperse th'unknown with foul con-
jectures?

Perhaps his mother, virtuous, chaste as thine,
Nor less illustrious—

ARTHUR.

You espouse his cause!
Perhaps his mother from her husband staid

To wanton in some younger lover's arms !
Perhaps she had put on religion's vail,
And, to maintain her sanctity, was forc'd
To disavow her child of many fathers.
Such ladies we have heard of:—Such we've
 seen !
But shall the son of such be King of Britons ?

ALL THE BRITISH OFFICERS.

We with our lives will Arthur's right de-
fend.

NORTHUMBRIAN OFFICERS.

And we brave Ofrick's.

OSRICK.

Let the King of Wessex,
Let the Northumbrian and the British chiefs
Be witnesses of yet another combat.—
Upon this scandalous ruffian I'll resent
My unknown mother's wrongs; assert my
 right
To this new sceptre which my arm has won,
Or perish in th' attempt.

E e 2

EMMA.

EMMA.

Hold, forward youth!
Endanger not thy life!—'Tis justly thine!—

KENWAL.

How, Emma! What means this?

EMMA.

What have I done!

ETHA. (*af. l'e.*)

Refistlefs force of nature!

ARTHUR.

Shamelefs woman!
Widow'd this moment, and in love the next!
Why this is rank indeed!—You might be
mother
To that bafe youth on whom your paffion
dotes.

EMMA.

All-gracious Heav'n!

ARTHUR.

ARTHUR.

Why do you start at this?

But ha!—'Tis possible your artful brain
May rear a fine romance to raise your fav'rite.
Cadwallan had a son: Swear this is he!
That angels snatch'd him from the flames,
and flew
O'er cruel foes to Edwin's court with him.

KENWAL.

Cadwallan's son had been of Osrick's age!
Say what, my sister was the fate of him?
Did he escape with you from flames and foes?

EMMA.

Whate'er his fate, my misery's compleat!

OSRICK.

"Escape from flames and foes!"—So spake
the Druid.

To a kingdom I was born, he likewise said.
'Twas in this kingdom!—Every mystery
Appears

Appears most plain!—He fought not with
the art

Of so renown'd a warrior:—Yet I slew him.
Great God! I slew the author of my birth!

EMMA.

His words are madness!—Bear ye hence
my friends,

These dear remains to some sequester'd grove
There with my tears I'll wash thy bloody
wounds,

O my Cadwallan!—My unhappy husband!

[They are going to carry off the body]

OSRICK.

No!—Let me fall upon my murder'd fa-
ther!—

Let tears of penitence wash out this stain!
O Lady, pity me!

EMMA.

Ha!—Pity thee?

OSRICK.

Forgive me! Pity me!—O curse me not!

EMMA.

EMMA.

O haste, my Etha, bear me from his presence.

OSRICK.

Ah leave me not in this perplexity!
Feel thy sorrows!—They are all my own!

EMMA.

Wherefore, O wherefore am I forc'd to
this?

OSRICK.

Forc'd! to restrain th' affection of a mother?
In my embraces let it copious flow.

EMMA.

Embraces!—Murderer of my husband!—
thine?

OSRICK.

Harsh are thy words! Yet through the
rough reproach,
thought I heard affection's soften'd tone.—
The

The sweets of filial love I never felt:
But sure they're wondrous like what now I
feel.

At the first sight of thee my bosom heav'd!
My sympathizing heart leapt towards thine!
My spirits started to their utmost bounds,
Approving, though I thought thee then my
foe!

EMMA.

'Twas a delusion wild!

OSRICK, (*kneeling.*)

The happy raptures, when a parent prays
For blessings on the offspring of his love,
I never knew.—O let me know them now!

EMMA.

My blessing!

OSRICK.

No! I have deserv'd thy curse!
Thy bitterest curse!—Yes. Curse the parricide;
Though, hapless wretch! he knew not of his
crime.

EMMA.

EMMA.

I will not curse thee youth; and must not
bless thee.

[*Exit with Etha.*]

SCENE VI.

OSRIK.

UNCERTAIN still!—What think'st thou,
King of Wessex?

KENWAL.

That so she would behave, were she your
mother;
And had some reason for dissembling thus.

F f

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Anfrid and Elfrida.

ANFRID.

MY King!—My friend!—Alas!—

OSRICK.

Can you not speak?—
Ah! Must I guess it Anfrid!—You have
heard
Of Ofrick's horrid act.—Has Lena heard it?

ANFRID.

Too sure she has.—Distracted see she
comes!

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

*Enter Lena, supported by Hanna, and the
Druid.*

LENA.

AYE, wherefore not!—How should he
know his father?

And fathers may be wicked!—Men are frail,
As well as women.—

OSRICK.

Worse! O worse than death!

LENA.

It is the house of death! These his attend-
ants!

I know you all!—Your names are on your
faces!

Thou art Remorse! thou Vengeance! thou
Despair!

F f 2

And

And thou lean Envy, with thy curling snakes
Why do they roll, and gape, and hiss at me
I have no heart! Long since was that con-
fumed

By snakes more venomous!

OSRICK.

She knows me not!

LENA.

Did Ofrick speak? Where is he?

OSRICK.

Here my Lena!

LENA.

Art thou my Ofrick!—No, no, no.—
Sweet rosy health, and youth, and manly
courage
Bloom'd in my hero's cheek.—Pale fear
on thine,
And wither'd age and wrinkles!—Save me
angels!
It is the Briton!—Hast thou slain my love

OSRICK

OSRICK.

O Lena!—O my Queen!

LENA.

Villain! and dost thou glory in the deed?
And dost thou know what blood is on thy
sword?

It is thy son's!—

Frown, rage! I care not! Wilt thou kill me?

—Do.

For Ofrick was thy son! He's in my heart.

There kill him o'er again.

Rivet our hearts together.

OSRICK, (*taking hold of her.*)

Ah! Let us take her hence.

LENA.

Villain, unhand me!—Ruffian, let me go!
Kill, kill me twenty times.—But keep
aloof!—

Wilt thou indeed?—Help, O my Ofrick,
help me!

O!

Thou parricide! Thou coward!—kill a woman!
O!—I am slain!—Struck to the heart?—Oh
Death!

Why dost thou grin so horribly?
Ye hideous spectres of the rotten graves,
Why do ye shake your ghastly heads?—
But Ofrick waits me!—'Tis my father's
spirit!—
Take me to heaven.—

[Dies.

OSRICK.

Is Lena gone? Shall I not follow her?
Why should the murderer of a father live?
[Drawing his sword.

KENWAL.

Hold, hold thy desp'rate hand.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

EMMA, (*entering.*)

MY son! my son!
Unhappy son of most unhappy parents!
What wilt thou do?

OSRICK.

Revenge a father's death.

EMMA.

On me, on me! Revenge his death on me!
I was the cause of it!

OSRICK.

On thee!—My mother!

EMMA.

Yes.—In my bosom hide thy sword; for
there

"Twill

'Twill give less painful, not less certain death,
Than 'twould in thine!

OSRICK.

What monster were I then?
The murderer accurs'd of both my parents!

EMMA.

If you destroy yourself, you murder me!

OSRICK.

I'll rather live in everlasting torture!—
But much I fear, I have not always been
So near thy heart: Else wherefore didst thou
leave me?
Leave me in ignorance, to act such horrors!

EMMA.

Horrors indeed! Most horrible to me!—
But thou art innocent.—He had resolv'd
Before you met, to die upon thy sword.

OSRICK.

Ha!—Did he know it then?

EMMA.

EMMA.

A little space

Before his death, he heard it from my mouth.
My anxious care and caution to preserve thee
Has brought thy ruin!——O my son forgive
me!——

For in a dream I thought that I was told,
By one, whom I believ'd to be from heav'n,
That, when thou knew'st thy parents thou
should'st die.

OSRICK.

If 'twas foretold by heav'n, it must be so!
What have I now in life?

EMMA.

Thou hast a mother!

That has none left but thee to comfort her!
O think what pains, what cares, what fearful
days,
And sleepless nights she suffer'd for thy sake!

G g

OSRICK.

OSRICK.

Sure some divinity looks from thine eyes,
Or in thine accents breathes, that charms de-
spair!

And stilling ev'ry tumult of my mind,
Fills all my breast with reverence and love!
How can I comfort thee?—Command thy
son.

I'm all obedience.

EMMA.

Cast away that sword,
And wait with patience for the stroke of
heav'n.

OSRICK.

Good cause hast thou to execrate this
sword!

Yet once on this my youthful fancy rear'd
A tow'ring edifice of future fame,
That should outlive the marble monument!—
Stain'd with a father's blood!—Hence from
my fight!—

Adieu

Adieu forever all a warrior's hopes!
Far distant from the haunts of busy men,
With only thee, my mother, will I stay;
Shed ev'ry day some tears of sad remembrance,
And patient wait for the relief of heav'n!
'Twill not be tedious, if thy dream deserves
Our confidence!

EMMA.

O, had it ne'er been trusted!
Too late, by what it has produc'd, we find
It came from hell.—Delusive 'twas and
false!

OSRICK.

Perhaps 'twas true!—Perhaps equivocal:
For now, departing from the cares of life,
I to the world may be accounted dead.
Then hear my dying will.—Prince Arthur,
thou,
For 'tis thy right when I am gone, shalt
wear

G g 2

The

The British crown. 'Tis thine, my faithful
Anfrid,
Since Lena is no more, to wear Northum-
bria's.
Thou, generous maid of Wesssex, if my
pray'rs
Had pow'r to effect it, should't be Anfrid's
Queen.

ANFRID.

I ever lov'd you, as my Prince and friend.
Yet, since I knew this Princess, I confess,
I wish'd for thrones of kings or emperors,
To raise her equal to her great deserts.
Yet, thus obtain'd, it yields no pleasure.—
Reign,
And let me still be happy in thy friendship.

OSRICK.

No.—'Tis resolv'd?—My only king-
dom now
Shall be some lonely cottage in a desert.
But what say'st thou, the brother of my mo-
ther,

Of this propos'd alliance?—Speak your
thoughts:

And thou, his lovely daughter!

KENWAL.

Elfrida's eyes

Express consent. Then take my daughter,
Anfrid.

And may she prove the pledge of lasting
peace

Twixt Wesssex and Northumbria.—Arthur
too,

Who art our kinsman; and ye Princes all,

Let us unite like brothers, and defy

The vain attempts of ev'ry foreign foe.

ARTHUR.

With pleasure I agree.

ALL THE CHEFTAINS.

And all of us.

KENWAL.

May never foul dissention, from the plots

Of

Of base self-interest, or the envious views
Of false ambition, turn a Briton's soul
From acting for his country's common good.

DRUID.

Your children's children, and their late
race
Shall bless you the first founders of this
union.

For, when this island all shall so unite,
Old seers foretel, that Britain's pow'r shall
stride
From the sun's rising to his setting place.

T H E E N D,

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following tragedy being less correct than any other of the author's writings, it was at first resolved to omit it in the present publication; and, in that view, one of the choruses, and parts of two others were inserted among the smaller poems. The friends of the author, however, have since desired the insertion of the tragedy entire; and they trust to the candour of the public, for their indulgent reception of a piece which never underwent the author's last corrections.

DARTHULA,

A

TRAGEDY.

Hb

P E R S O N S.

CAIRBAR, King of *Erin*.

CATHMOR, his Brother.

COLLA, an *Erinian* Nobleman.

DARTHULA, his Daughter.

USNOTH, a *Caledonian* Nobleman.

NATHOS and ARDAN, his Sons.

ALTHAN, the Bard of *Cormac*.

CARRIL, another Bard.

DERMID, a Soldier of *Nathos*' Army.

Guards, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, *The coast of Ullin, or Ulster, in Ir-*
land.

A C T I.

SCENE, *Before Colla's Castle.*

Colla and some of his Officers.

COLLA.

THE time's important! Ev'ry moment now
May lead us on to glorious deeds of war:
Our youthful general, eager to revenge
The death of great Cuchullin, and to prop
The tottering throne of Erin's minor King,
Basely attack'd by Atho's cruel Lord,
Promis'd this morn to greet us by the dawn.
Nathos will soon be here. The morning now
Already blushes o'er us. Yon long streams,
Brigh'ning the tremulous ocean, shew where
soon
The glorious sun shall blaze above the waves.

H h 2

FIRST

FIRST OFFICER.

One comes with hasty stride.

SECOND OFFICER.

It is the General.

NATHOS, (*entering.*)

Hail, worthy Colla!—Are your troops
prepar'd?

COLLA.

The leaders wait you here.

NATHOS.

With instant speed,
Brave warriors, join the right wing of our
front:

For ev'ry moment we expect t' engage.
All else is ready.

[*Exeunt officers.*]

COLLA.

Have those troops return'd,
Who

Who at the brave Cuchullin's fall dispers'd?

NATHOS.

They come with joy, and say they see in me
 Their former leader. For it seems, my features
 Resemble his.——O for a mind like his!
 Whose bold ambition spurr'd him on to fame,
 By the sure paths which prudent virtue pointed.
 Whose courage smil'd at danger's threat'ning
 front,
 And never yielded to opposing hardships;
 But met them like a sea-surrounded rock,
 Unmov'd by all the fury of the storm.

COLLA.

May Cormac's youth a guardian find in
 thee,
 Faithful like him, brave and magnanimous:
 But of a better fortune, to repel
 Th' ungenerous foes, who now so basely
 come
 To wrest the sceptre from a stripling's hand.
 Cairbar shall fail, as all his fathers did
 When

When they assail'd the kingdom of the North,

NATHOS.

This tyrant Cairbar is of dreadful fame,
Not for his valour, but his artful frauds
In th' intervals of war ; and cruel deeds,
When by success his fullen pride is swell'd.

COLLA.

Then only is he dreadful. In the field
The coward shrinks from danger.—All his
frauds

Will by this vigilance in thee be foil'd:
Since, though late watching in the nightly
cold,

Thou thus canst brave the chilling damps of
morn.

NATHOS.

In summer, and in Erin's temperate clime,
Nocturnal coolness brings delight to me,
Who hardy grew among the sharper frosts
Of Caledonia's hills.—There with the dawn
Our father led his sons into the woods,

Where

Where we have chac'd the stag till night re-
prieu'd him;

Lain down to rest beneath a tufted oak,

And with the morning star renew'd our toil.

These exercifes will, my sons, said Ufnoth,

Shake from your growing limbs the rust of
floth;

They'll temper your young nerves with active
spring,

To speed the jav'lin in more glorious fields,

And bear unhurt th' illustrious toil of arms.

COLLA.

Such are the rugged paths that lead to
fame!

Let youth by hardy labour grow to strength;
And while in vigour do what they may boast
of,

When envious age has left no other joy.

The feeblest foes now shun not my approach,

And cowards stand t'insult my shaking arm.

Thy father knows it was not always so.

The proudest foes have fled from this old arm,

And op'ning ranks before it shew'd their fear.

Is Ufnoth's strength, like mine, decay'd with
age.

NATHOS.

Like thee my father feels the weight of
years ;
But still his vigour can, like thine, support it.

COLLA.

Methinks I see thy father young again,
Brave son of Ufnoth, while I look on thee.
The pleasures of our youth rush on my mind.
Together have we rang'd the savage wilds,
And side by side the battle's dangers brav'd!
O in such thoughts I could forgot my age,
And tire thee with an old man's tedious stories,
Of wonders then atchiev'd.—May all thy
wars,
Like Ufnoth's, be the fav'rite song of fame.

NATHOS.

In hopes of this our father sent us hither ;
Where, while defending Erin's minor king,
Under our warlike uncle, we might learn

Th

Th' experienc'd leader's practice.—But alas!
When scarce we had unsheath'd our maiden
swords,
Cuchullin fell; and I, though small my skill,
And almost ere I wish'd it, by the friends
Of Cormac am elected General.—

COLLA.

Oh happy Ufnoth! thou hast sons to wield
Thy weighty weapons!—Ah! had mine
remain'd!
We now perhaps with pleasure had beheld
them
Attach'd by warm affection, like their fa-
thers,
In friendly emulation, rise to fame.

NATHOS.

Favour'd by his coeval Prince, one son,
Fruthil, the youngest, yet remains to bless
thee,
And rise the Colla of his Cormac's reign.—
Thy daughter too.—Darthula's peerless
charms

May make the proudest Prince become more
proud,
To hail thee for a father. O how blest'd,
Beyond expressing blest'd, were I to find
You thought me not unworthy of the honour
Of joining, by an everlasting bond,
The race of Colla with the line of Ufnoth.

COLLA.

Thou art deserving of the highest honours!
When leisure serves I'll tell thee more of this.
Think now upon th' importance of thy charge!
Thousands confide to thee their lives their
all!

Darthula comes.—In few words take your
leave:

For now a moment's chance may be decisive.
[Exit.]

NATHOS, (*alone*)

Wife is the counsel!—The reproach is
just!
My traitor heart!—Is this a time for love?

Enter

Enter Darthula and attendant.

DARTHULA.

Young soldier, I disturb your private
thoughts!

I break perhaps some plans of future conquest,

Or great ideas of expected fame.

Such contemplations to the brave, I'm told,

Afford a joy like real victory.

NATHOS.

No joy, no pleasure is to me like this
With which Darthula's presence fills my
breast.

Sweet are the hopes of fame; revenge is sweet
For my dear kinsman slain; but when with
thee,

Heedless of fame, unmindful of revenge,

A gentler passion gives me sweeter joy.

Oh could I hope that fair Darthula felt

With me such pleasure, we should never part!

Not ev'n old age should lessen our delight,

But turn youth's raptures to a milder joy.

I i 2

DAR-

DARTHULA.

Of this important time can Nathos lose
A single second in such idle thoughts?
See danger imminent befalls us close,
And all to thee, as their defender, look.

NATHOS.

The time's important! But O tell me this,
Before I go:—Forgive an anxious lover!
Have I no rival?—Some brave youth, per-
haps,
By former feats already crown'd with fame,
Amidst his trophies offer'd you his heart,
Which you regard as no unwelcome prize.

DARTHULA.

You have a rival. You have cause to fear.

NATHOS.

Have cause to fear! Darthula sees me trem-
ble!
But bring this rival bath'd in vanquish'd
blood,

Frowning

Frowning in fullen pride of victory,
Burning with rage, exulting in his strength,
His sword prepar'd, his body sheath'd in
steel,
I will not fear him.—Who's this happy rival?

DARTHULA.

Cairbar——

NATHOS.

The tyrant! He Darthula's love!
Then, should good fortune from my happy
arm
Send death to this destroyer of mankind,
What will the fruits of my wish'd conquest
be?
Darthula's tears!——No. Rest in peace, my
sword.
But if I fall beneath the strength of Cairbar,
When thou shalt see this head upon his
spear——

DARTHULA.

O never! never!——Spare the dreadful
image!——

With

With thee I'll die.—With thee, with thee,
I'll live!

NATHOS.

Ah! mock me not; for—Cairbar is my
rival.

DARTHULA.

Cairbar has often importun'd my love:
But him of all mankind I most detest.

NATHOS.

Didst thou not say, that I had cause to fear
him?

DARTHULA.

More cause have I to fear his brutal tem-
per!
Thinking of that, what horror harrows me!
What if some chance of unsuccessful war
Put me in Cairbar's power?

NATHOS.

There, there, you paint,
In

In strongest features, war's worst misery.
Shall I, in chains perhaps, behold Darthula
Torn from her Nathos by some ruffian's
force,
And dragg'd away, and us'd unworthily.

DARTHULA.

Why are our fears the same? Sure fancy
fees,
With eyes prophetic, our impending fate!
Such horrors ever haunt my waking thoughts,
And dreadful visions paint them in my dreams.
Did my most ardent wishes aught avail,
This instant war should sheath his bloody
sword,
And Nathos ne'er should see the face of dan-
ger.

NATHOS.

Then Nathos never could deserve thy love.
[*Distant shouts heard.*]
The army shouts?—Sweet time-deceiving
love!
I've staid too long.

[*Exit.*
Darthula,

Darthula, and attendant.

DARTHULA.

And bid me not farewell?
Who knows if ever I shall see him more?

ATTENDANT.

He goes to fight with as much fearless joy,
As the young hunter to his sporting field.

DARTHULA.

With joy!—What joy can war and dan-
ger yield?
War, the destruction of the great and brave,
Seems in reflection's eyes a monster grim,
Besmear'd with blood of kindred lately torn!
Yet men, how strange! as if in love with
horror,
Delighted, rush before his cruel fangs!
[*Distant noise of battle.*]
O Love! thou heap'st new terrors on my
mind!
I fear'd enough before for Colla's age;

For

For Fruthil, in the tender bloom of youth;
 The hated insolence of Cairbar's love,
 And all the common woes that follow war;
 For father, brother, country, and myself,
 I fear not now so much as for my Nathos.
 Ye pow'rs who rule th' uncertain fate of war!
 Who from your fav'rites turn the deadly
 shaft,
 And guide destruction to the destin'd heart!
 This day let Nathos be your foremost care!
 Around his head unseen your armour spread,
 And near him let no hurtful weapon come!

Enter Colla.

COLLA.

This, my Darthula, is the curse of age!—
 When was a battle in my hearing fought,
 And I not active in its hottest place?
 In thought's first transports sometimes I re-
 solve
 To rush, as I had wont, into the strife:
 But these decay'd, old, disobeying limbs
 Too soon remind me of my feeble state.

K k

DAR-

DARTHULA.

My father, you have had your share of
fame,
And with that share may well rest satisfy'd.
[Shouts at a distance.]

COLLA.

Heard you not that?—One of the sides
prevails.

DARTHULA.

Which of the sides?—

COLLA.

Alas! I know not that.
[More shouts.]
But these are sure the shouts of victory.

DARTHULA.

The noise approaches us!—Perhaps our
fate!
If Nathos falls or flies!—If Cairbar comes,
Elate with victory, what shall we do?

COLLA.

COLLA.

His cruelty, indeed, is to be fear'd.

DARTHULA.

Much cause have we to fear his cruelty!
But more I fear,—much more, his hated love!

COLLA.

O my Darthula! ever hate his love.—
Thou hast been ever dear as life to me;
And yet, methinks, before I saw thee Cair-
bar's,
I'd see thee dead!

DARTHULA.

Then dead thou first shalt see me.

COLLA.

Thou speak'st, I fear, and hast not thought
of death.
Could'st thou resign the pleasant hopes of joy,
That youth and beauty may expect in life,
Bless'd with the love of a young hero, form'd

K k 2

With

With all that softly charms the heart, or
 swells
Ambition's wish.

DARTHULA.

There's no such hope with Cairbar!
Our hopes in life before us often fly,
Delusive as the rainbow's fleeting radiance;
Which simple boys pursue for fabled trea-
 sure.
If Nathos falls, what hope can flatter me?

COLLA.

Now we shall hear!—See some come from
 the battle.

DARTHULA.

Protecting pow'rs! a party strong in arms!

COLLA.

The foldiers halt. Forward their leader
 comes!
Sure they are friends!

DARTHULA.

DARTHULA.

Yes. Nathos' brother tis!

Ardan, I know.

COLLA.

What tidings dost thou bring?
How goes the battle?

ARDAN, (*entering.*)

All as yet goes well,
Since there's no battle here. My brother
fear'd
From Cairbar's motions some new strata-
gem;
And, left to seize Darthula be his aim,
Sent us to guard you. By a different rout,
Our brother Athos, with the swiftest youths,
Was to the royal residence dispatch'd.

COLLA.

What were the motions that produc'd such
fears?

ARDAN.

ARDAN.

At founding of the charge, not half their
force
Advanc'd into the plain t' attack our front.
Of them we made a short and easy conquest.
Our scouts descry'd a stronger party move,
Wide from the battle, on our left wing's side:
These we expected on our flank or rear,
And our reserves stood ready to receive them,
Their way continuing still through hollow
paths,
Their destin'd purpose they as yet conceal.

COLLA.

Cairbar's deceitful, grov'ling, coward
foul,
Which love of fame, or glory, ne'er inspir'd,
Has now in head some fordid view of interest,
Or plunder, to be got with little risk.

DARTHULA.

I fear it is a storm of cruelty,
That soon will burst on some devoted head!
Should

Should he come hither !

ARDAN.

Hither let him come,
That I may likewise have my share of fame!

DARTHULA.

Ah, youthful warrior !—Thou mayst often
have
Such opportunities t' acquire renown :
Wish not for danger to thy early life.

ARDAN.

When valour falls, Fame gives a better life ;
A life not mortal by the stroke of steel ;
A life to bloom in everlasting youth,
When monuments are sunk beneath the soil,
And level with the plain yon mountains lie.

DARTHULA.

More warriors from the battle !—Nathos
comes !
And comes with victory !

ARDAN.

(264)

ARDAN.

But who is he,
Yon captive chief of such a goodly mien?

DARTHULA.

Is it the tyrant's brother?

COLLA.

Yes: 'Tis Cathmor.
Generous, humane, and brave, in war or
peace,
Cathmor, for ev'ry virtue is esteem'd,
As much as Cairbar is for crimes detested.

Enter Nathos with Cathmor prisoner.

Guards.—A soldier carrying Cathmor's sword.

NATHOS.

Colla, you see the glorious prize we've made
The valiant Cathmor!

COLLA.

COLLA.

With a brighter wreath,
Conquest ne'er bound the happy victor's
brow!——

Brave Cathmor, think not that thou here
shalt find

A barbarous foe, t' increase with cruel insult,
The bitter galling of a captive's chains.

CATHMOR.

'Tis not captivity that galls me most.

NATHOS.

The brave and generous man finds ev'ry
where

Th'esteem and friendship of all kindred hearts;
Ev'n those, who fear his valour, love his vir-
tues.

Though thee we fear as our most deadly
foe,

Believe me, all thou now behold'st are friends.
Then strive not, Cathmor, to conceal thy
griefs,

L 1

From

From sympathizing hearts that wish to share
them.

CATHMOR.

I wish I could conceal my present griefs
Not only from my friends,—but from my-
self.

NATHOS.

Forgive me, Prince, if I conjecture wrong,
But sure thou hast much cause of grief, and
feel'st
Th' ungrateful usage of thy barb'rous bro-
ther.

CATHMOR.

I feel it like a poison'd arrow here !
Barb'rous indeed !——O Cairbar !——

NATHOS.

Could he seek
So brave a Prince's death? Yet this appear'd
Plainly his treach'rous aim, in leaving thee
So few to meet our whole compacted force.

CATHMOR

CATHMOR.

He promis'd to attack your rear, as soon
As I should charge your front :—He basely
fled,
And left me, as he thought, to sure destruc-
tion.

NATHOS.

You stood like one regardless of his fate.

CATHMOR.

To find the zeal, the not unfruitful zeal,
With which I've ever serv'd him, so repaid,
So shock'd and so astounded me, I stood
Incapable of acting, till you brought
Your numbers round, and made me prisoner.

COLLA.

Whither has Cairbar with his army gone ?

CATHMOR.

I am not trusted now with Cairbar's coun-
fels.

L 1 2

NATHOS.

NATHOS.

Envious of glory which he ne'er can
reach,
An enemy to virtues, which, compar'd
With his foul vices, make him look so mean,
His little, base, malignant, rancorous mind
Has even attempted to destroy a brother.
Consult thy safety, Prince ! Defend thyself
Against an enemy, who threatens thee.

CATHMOR.

That threat'ning enemy is still my brother.

NATHOS.

Ever a stranger to th' endearing ties
Of brotherly affection, openly now
He by his deeds disclaims them : Join with
us,
And in thy service I will die, or set
False Cairbar's crown on Cathmor's worthier
brow.

CATHMOR.

CATHMOR.

You know not Cathmor: He desires no
crown
That one must wade to thro' a brother's
blood.

NATHOS.

At thine that very brother scruples not,
Tho' there's no crown to tempt, no injury
T' excite revenge; and though thy useful
life

Is cherish'd and admir'd by all but him!
Does he, a wretch, whom all mankind detest,
And justly for his crimes condemn to death,
Deserve to wear a crown?—What thou hast
suffer'd

Calls loud for vengeance: but much more
than that,

Thy future danger, and the care of life,
Which all are bound to have, admonish thee
To stand on thy defence against this bro-
ther.

CATHMOR.

CATHMOR.

Above the servile fears of death, above
The mean ambition of inglorious greatness,
In spite of his demerits, true to those
Dear feelings that connect fraternal hearts,
I will defend him, while my vigour lasts;
And, scorning crowns, aspire to brighter
wreaths.

COLLA.

The song, that shall to future times record
This wondrous virtue, will by little souls
Be deem'd romantic fable.

NATHOS.

But the brave
Inwardly conscious of resembling greatness,
Assenting, will extol th' accomplish'd hero.
Take, gallant Cathmor! take this sword,
which shines

With honour, even in a dishonest cause:

[Giving him his sword]

And with it take thy freedom. Might I hope
Thy

Thy friendship in return, I would esteem it
The richest ransom ever captive paid.

CATHMOR.

If, by my friendship, thou mean'st that
esteem

Thy bravery merits, with a grateful sense
Of this benevolence, thou hast it now.—

But if thou giv'st me liberty, in hopes
That I shall draw this sword against my brother,

Thou art deceiv'd.—So take thy present
back.

For in the battle I must be thy foe,
Whilst thou art Cairbar's.

NATHOS.

That is, while either lives!

Without restraint, without conditions, free,

Obeys the dictates of thy manly mind.

I know I put this weapon in a hand

That's terrible in battle: But I'm sure,

I'll find one generous and one candid foe.

DAR-

DARTHULA.

See one, whose hasty steps seem to foretel
His tidings are important.

NATHOS.

One of those
I sent to Cromla's top to look for Cairbar.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Haste, Nathos, haste, with succours to thy
brother.
Near Cormac's castle he's with Cairbar met,
And much superior is the tyrant's force.

NATHOS.

All follow me.—Thou, Ardan only stay
With thy detachment.

[Exit with officers, &c.]

COLLA.

Ha! near Cormac's castle.
Bloody

Bloody, I fear, is Cairbar's purpose there.

DARTHULA.

Alas! my brother! Heavens protect the King!

COLLA.

They're both in danger! But the castle's strong:
I will keep them out a while.

DARTHULA.

More news! More news!

COLLA.

Another messenger from Cromla's heights!
What have you seen?

Enter another Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Brave Athos form'd his troop
In a strait pass 'twixt Cairbar and Temora.

M m

They

They met.—They clos'd: But soon they se-
parate.

And now that side, which from its numbers
seems

The enemy, is, by a quick retreat,
Hastening towards the castle of the King.

COLLA.

'Tis some base stratagem to get admittance,
And murder Cormac.

DARTHULA.

O my brother too!

COLLA.

Cairbar spares none!—My Fruthil! O my
son!

My only son! My only hope in age!
I will prevent their deaths, or die with them.

[Exit.

DARTHULA.

Stay, O my father! Stay, infirm old man!
Leave

Leave war's rough labours to more vigorous
limbs !

[*Exit.*

CATHMOR, (*alone.*)

Ah Cormac ! could I yet prevent thy fate!
And Cairbar's shame ! His name will be in-
roll'd

Amongst the hated monsters of the earth !
Twas plain he fought my life ! Shall I now
fly

Where no foul rumour of his crimes can
wound me ?

No ! I will go to him, and counteract
All his detested deeds of infamy.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

M m 2

CHORUS

C H O R U S I.

SCENE—*Fingal's hall in Selma.*

Fingal, Ossian, Nobles, Ladies, Bards, attending.

A dismal sound is heard of distant shrieking.

FIRST BARD.

WHAT shrieks !

SECOND BARD.

What hideous groans !

FINGAL.

I know too well !

FIRST BARD.

Some dire presage !

SECOND BARD.

Some grief is nigh !

FINGAL.

FINGAL.

Some spirits thus are wont to tell
When those most dear to Fingal die.

FIRST BARD.

Felt ye that blast?
How swift it pass'd!

SECOND BARD.

Methought it shook the hall!

THIRD BARD.

What meteors there!
What lightnings blaze!

FIRST BARD.

Oh!—these portend
A king, or kingdom's fall!

OSSIAN.

Every breath new horror brings!
Hark, hark, my harp! no human hand
Has touch'd the strings!

That

That sound so dismal, hollow, low,
Foretells approaching news of woe!

FINGAL.

Strike, Ossian! strike thy harp, my son!
Call out the deep-resounding, solemn tone:
Sing on, till some compassionating ghost
Come to tell what friends we've lost!

OSSIAN.

Spirits of our fathers dead!
Whether ye glide
Smoothly o'er the crystal waves;
Whether in the whirlwind's blast,
Ye roll the whitening tide;
Or pour the night-shriek on the lonely hill;
Or murmur o'er your graves!
Come in your cloudy cars,
And tell in sounds of woe,
For what departed chiefs
Must our deep sorrows flow!

CHORUS.

For what departed chiefs, &c.

OSSIAN.

OSSIAN.

Tell me of Oscar, tell,
Who fails the stormy main :
Oh! have you seen my darling son
Amid his martial train?

Say, does brave Oscar live;
Or are his ships dispers'd,
And he, with all his band,
In wat'ry tombs immers'd?

Or have they reach'd green Ullin's shores,
And yet have come too late
To save the sons of Ufnath brave,
And Cormac, from their fate?

CHORUS.

Spirits of our fathers dead!
Let us blind mortals know
For what departed chiefs
Must our deep sorrows flow!

BARD

BARD OF THE SECOND SIGHT.

Invoke no ghosts to tell you this!
Blindness, mortals, here is bliss!
I see, I see, with inward light,
I see, and curse the dire anticipated fight
Which brings too soon my pain.
I see, I see, beyond the deep
A scene that shall make thousands weep!

CHORUS FIRST.

What scene?

CHORUS SECOND.

What scene?

CHORUS THIRD.

What scene?

BARD.

Ye hear the shrieks! I see the ghosts!
Trembling they come from Erin's coasts,
Deterr'd by bloody horrors thence!

CHORUS

CHORUS FIRST.

What blood? What horror? Tell the worst!

CHORUS SECOND.

Speak, speak!

CHORUS THIRD.

Oh speak, we're all suspense!

BARD.

Oscar is safe! He holds his way!
Tight are his ships, his warriors gay!
They soon shall land;—and yet too late;
The sons of Ufnoth too are well!
The rest, the rest, oh urge me not to tell!

CHORUS.

Oh! tell the worst of Fate!

BARD.

Oh horror! murder! fight of woe!

N n

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Tell, oh tell us, all you know.

BARD.

Look not now on Ullin's shore!

See ye not the streaming gore?

Erin's young nobles now no more

Shall Erin's expectations raise!

Cormac and his youthful peers

Sporting with their fathers spears

Practise the feats of riper years!

Their little bosoms feel the warrior's flame!

Their little bosoms feast on future fame!

But death's dark night the whole destroys!

CHORUS.

Death's dark night the whole destroys!

BARD.

Cairbar! Atha's gloomy Lord,

Wherefore dost thou draw the sword?

Murderer! Coward! They are boys!

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Is there no hand to save? no sword
To strike the murderers and prevent the blow?

BARD.

There is no hand to save, or sword!
Ghosts that glut in human gore,
Grimly glooming, stalk before!
Murder grins at every door!
Fly! They cannot fly!
In heaps they fall!—they die?—they fall,
Murder'd in Temora's hall!
Erin's youthful nobles, all
Around poor Cormac lie!

CHORUS.

Murder'd in Temora's hall
With murder'd Cormac die?

BARD.

Cormac lives yet! The sword is rais'd!
What gallant youth art thou,

N_n 2

That

That interceptst the falling edge?—
Oh most unworthy blow!

Though generously, though nobly done,
Thou giv'st thy king but short relief!
O heart-confounding grief!
'Tis Colla's son!

CHORUS.

His only son?

BARD.

With his lov'd Prince he leaves the light!
He dies! his morning sun is set in endless
night.

CHORUS.

Cormac and Colla's only son!
Alas! their days were scarce begun!

BARD.

The murd'rous scene is done!

CHORUS

CHORUS.

What wonder that afflicted ghosts
Fly from these unhappy coasts?
What wonder that all nature mourn'd?
That harps spontaneous moan;
That distant hills felt and return'd
Their dying groan!
A deed so horrible, so foul, was never told
By modern Seer, or Bard of old!

FINGAL.

In sweetly-soothing, melancholy strains
Sing, Ossian, to their gentle spirits sing!
Allay the anguish of their dying pains!
Let them with joy to their new mansions
spring!

OSSIAN.

Descend to greet them, friendly shades
Of kindred gone before!
Conduct them, wond'ring and afraid,
The regions new t' explore!

Rise,

Rise, gentle, stranger spirits, rise!
Pain ye no more shall know;
In leaving life's uncertain joys,
Ye leave its certain woe!

Ye cannot see, indeed, your names
Among the great inroll'd;
But thorny are the paths to fame;
And few are blest'd when old!

Your fathers bleeding hearts, alas!
Which fondly once conceiv'd
The hopes that you should fill their place,
Are of all hopes bereav'd!

But had they died, like you, when young,
They now had soundly slept,
They had not flourish'd in the song,
Nor for their children wept!

CHORUS

Spirits of Erin! cease to mourn!
Too late ye our assistance seek!
Home to your airy dwellings turn;
No more on Morven's mountains shriek!

FINGAL

FINGAL.

Call in the wrestlers from the green,
The nimble hunters from the heath!
Shall we in idle sports be seen?
No—Let us haste t'avenge their death!

CHORUS.

Spirits of Erin speed the happy gales!
Strengthen each fav'ring current and each
wave!
Fly swiftly homeward on our swelling sails!
Haste to avenge the dead, and the survivors
save!

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE.—*A court within the gates of Cormac's castle.*

CAIRBAR.

YOU whining bards, in your pedantic
rhimes,
Will blazon this action with opprobrious
titles.

Rail on, rail on !—By this am I become
The sole great Sovereign of this spacious isle
When one attains what he with ardour wishes
Should not his joy of satisfaction rise
In lively transports ? I feel no such thing !
But rather something ever stinging me ;
For I have done what all will execrate.

Enter Althan.

ALTHAN.

Turn, murderer ! hither turn, and end thy
works !

CAIRBAR.

Where are my guards ? Why am I left alone ?

ALTHAN.

The guilty tremble when no danger's near ;
And well mayst thou, whom deeds inhuman
mark
The common enemy of human kind.

CAIRBAR.

Thou art not worth my notice !—Live, old
bard,
And sing this scene that makes me king of
Erin.

ALTHAN.

And art thou so depraved to boast of it ?

O o

It

It shall be sung—But O what words can
paint

Its dismal horrors? All our once great hopes
Of rising heroes murder'd with their king.
Their shrieks and groans shook Erin's hardest
rocks,

Pierc'd the deep caverns of the solid earth,
Th' abysses of th' unfathom'd ocean, rous'd
The spirits of the long-departed dead;
Moving all things but thy unnatural heart.

CAIRBAR.

Think'st thou I would be mov'd by chil-
dren's screams,
When th' empire of all Erin was in view.
Go, sing Temora's crown to Alnecma's join'd,
By mighty Cairbar, the first King of Erin.

ALTHAN.

Thou King of Erin!—Rather may the
waves,
That round her confines beat, meet in the
center,
And leave no hill to tell where Erin stood.

CAIRBAR.

CAIRBAR.

Wilt thou compel me yet to murder thee?

ALTHAN.

Yes, strike!—What is an old man's use-
less life,

After the youthful lives by thee destroy'd?—

Tyrant of Erin short while shalt thou be!

Vengeance is near thee!—I have heard thy
doom!

Their fathers ghosts, who at their murder
groan'd,

Bear it with awful gladness through the sky,
And frown revengeful o'er thy destin'd head.

CAIRBAR.

My death canst thou foresee, and not thine
own,

Which is much nearer thee?

CATHMOR, (*entering.*)

Hold, Cairbar, hold!

O o 2

Hold!

Hold! Too much murder thou to-day hast
done:

Though not so much as thou didst meditate.

CAIRBAR.

Welcome, my brother, from the dangerous
field?

CATHMOR.

Dangerous indeed!—as thou hadst plann'd
the fight.

CAIRBAR.

I thought—Believe me—I have been de-
ceiv'd——

I was inform'd——A stronger army 'twas——

CATHMOR.

No more of that!——I would forget thy
baseness:

But in too fast succession come thy crimes,
And still the last is the most infamous.

What could provoke thee now to raise the
sword

Over

Over this hoary head? this sacred head,
In which are register'd the glorious feats
Of antient chiefs, with those who lately fell?
And grateful songs are forming now to fire
Our last descendants with our present fame!

ALTHAN.

But it were well for him that Fame were
mute;
That all records should with his being cease,
And with his carcase all remembrance rot.

CAIRBAR.

You see, my brother, how I am contemn'd!
And am I brought so low to suffer this?

CATHMOR.

Contempt will ever be the lot of vice,
However high in station! If thou fear'st
The free reproach of independent Bards,
Deserve it not.—Thou murder'st Cathmor's
fame!

When laid in earth, they'll say, "He fought
"for Cairbar!"

No

No song shall rise, no tear fall o'er his tomb.

CAIRBAR.

How beautiful, my brother, are thy virtues!

How foul my vices, when compar'd with them?

But now, possess'd of all ambition wish'd,
(Since Erin all from sea to sea is mine,)
I will from henceforth strive to imitate
Thy worth, and rise by virtuous deeds to fame.

CATHMOR.

I've little faith in this!—Nathos advances
With all his army! Shall we wait him here?
Or sailing out attack him on the plain?

CAIRBAR.

Here we will stay to night: The castle's
strong.
See if the gates be shut, and guards prepared.
[*Exeunt Cathmor, Alban.*]

CAIRBAR (*alone.*)

In spite of me, his virtues I approve,

And

And whilst with him in my resolves t'amend
 I almost am sincere. But when he's gone
 My own more profitable views return.
 When will thy foolish virtues bring a crown?
 And yet they might! He is belov'd by all!
 And I am hated!—He has seen my aim!
 How has it fail'd! It was, it seems, too gross
 Even to deceive his unsuspecting soul!—
 He's dangerous? No peace I'll ever find,
 Till I am sooth'd with Cathmor's funeral
 song!

Enter Cathmor.

CATHMOR.

Old Colla with his daughter is without:
 He begs permission to convey the bodies
 Of his own son, his king, and other nobles,
 With decent obsequies to humble tombs.

CAIRBAR.

Darthula too? Yes, Cathmor, bring them
 in:
 Assure them of my real penitence;

Of

Of lenient entertainment while they're here,
And liberty at pleasure to depart.

CATHMOR.

And may I trust you are sincere in this?

CAIRBAR.

Sincere, my brother, as I mean t' amend.

[*Exit Cathmor.*]

CAIRBAR (*alone.*)

Good fortune pours on me! DARTHULA here,
Where I am sovereign? No! I'll use no force!
She must desire to be so great a queen;
And that may please th' ambitious father too!
They must not see me in this bloody trim!
In smoothest language I'll entreat them both.
[*Exit.*]

Enter Colla, DARTHULA, Althan.

COLLA.

Why did ye not, ye sacred towers of Cor-
mac,

ere,
Fall on the murderer's heads? Were ye awake
Avenging spirits? You who tempests raise,
And dart red thunder! ah! had ye no pow'r
To tear his limbs, and hurl his curst soul
Into the darkest dungeon of despair?

ALTHAN.

Why enters Colla these unhappy gates!

COLLA.

here,
Althan! How did the villain pity thee?
Did he not pity Fruthil too and Cormac?
Did he relent? and are they yet in life?

ALTHAN.

Why came you hither? Your own life's in
danger.

COLLA.

Cor-
My life!—O 'tis too long!—For what great
crimes
Am I reserv'd the last of all my race?
Was it in light? Had they the shapes of men
P p That

That kill'd such innocents?—Didst thou
behold it?

And did thine eyes not from their socket
leap?

Ah! how could'st thou support a sight so
shocking?

ALTHAN.

Two of his ruffians held me in the cham-
ber,

A forc'd spectator of the basest murder
That e'er disgrac'd the chronicles of men.

COLLA.

Describe it black in all its shocking hor-
rors!

And let my soul's high indignation swell,
Till these old heart-strings with the passion
break!

ALTHAN.

This villain, who did never any act
But by some fordid stratagem, in haste,
As if pursu'd, with all his army fought

A refuge for the vanquish'd troops of Nathos.
We let him in, tho' loud the ravens croak'd,
And howling dogs beheld the trembling
ghosts,

That came with shrieks to warn us of the
woe.

But see he comes.

DARTHULA.

Where shall I fly from him?—
Conduct me, Althan, where the hapless boys
Yet ghastly in their wounds all bloody lie.

ALTHAN.

Ah, Lady, 'tis a sight of frightful horror!

DARTHULA.

'Tis not so frightful as the fight of Cairbar.

[*Exeunt Darthula and Althan.*]

Colla and Cairbar.

COLLA.

Come Cairbar! Murderer come! Here is a
breast
Will thank the friendly arm that pierces it!

CAIRBAR.

Nothing has Colla t' apprehend from me!
Nothing but good mean I to thee and thine!
I've long esteem'd thy merit, long desir'd
To be inroll'd among the happy number
Of Colla's friends.

COLLA.

What? Comes the carion-crow
In blood of the devoured lamb befinear'd,
With shew of friendship, to decoy the dame?

CAIRBAR.

Here I am King, and can command thy
death!

COLLA.

COLLA.

That here thou'rt King is worse to me than
death!

CAIRBAR.

I wish'd to be a King for Colla's sake!
That he might share with me the sovereign
pow'r.

I wish'd for empire, that I might appear
More worthy of the love of fair Darthula.

COLLA.

Most likely means to win a virgin's love!—
Go, warm in Fruthil's blood, and woe his
sister!

Vaunt of thy valour, that could, unprovok'd,
Butcher defenceless infants! Shew the spoils
Stol'n from Temora's stores, and tell her,
these

Have made thee worthy of Darthula's love!

CAIRBAR.

Was thy son there?—Oh my unlucky arm!
Forgive

Forgive me, Colla! No! I knew him not,
In that occasion which ambition found
To attain that empire I so ardent wish'd.

COLLA.

Ambition! Wretch! It was thy avarice,
The lucre, not the glory of a crown,
Tempted thy little soul to such a crime!
Ambition never kept so foul a seat
As thy base heart.

CAIRBAR.

No matter what it was.—
You and your daughter both are in my pow'r.
Do you consent that she shall be my Queen?

COLLA.

No!—Colla's blood shall never mix with
Cairbar's.

CAIRBAR.

What! Would not Cairbar's blood ennoble
Colla's!
My fathers long have fill'd Alnecma's throne,
And

And made your monarchs of the north to
tremble.

COLLA.

I knew thy father well!—Fierce Borbur-
duthil,
Like thee, delighted in the bloody field,
When feeble foes with little danger fell.
But he had pride, and never would have
stoop'd
To such degrading deeds of infamy.
If Cairbar's brood degenerate as much,
They'll soon depopulate the living world.

CAIRBAR.

Guards!—Take this ill-tongu'd traitor
from my fight;
And let him in some vault unheeded rail.

COLLA, (*drawing his sword.*)

I've seen the day!—But twenty years
ago,
All these had fled like herds of timorous deer.
Revenge,

Revenge, give vigour!

[Attacking Cairbar, and is unarmed.]

Curse my feeble limbs!

Had these obey'd the impulse of my soul,
His hated blood had now smok'd on the
pavement;

And pestilence, sprung from the filthy steams,
Had wasted half the world. Slaves! take me
hence!

[Exit guarded.]

CAIRBAR, (*alone.*)

Enlarg'd dominion, wealth, and pow'r in-
creas'd,

I find have only brought me more contempt.
'Tis true, I am a villain, and deserve not
Real respect: But such have found it sha-
dowed

In th' adulation of mens hopes and fears.—
I know this makes me not more amiable
In female eyes. But there are many,
Who, for dissembled homage, forc'd respect,
And all th' external pageantry of state,
Would share with me these inward pangs of
conscience.

Darthula

Darthula may be one of those! I'll try it!—
Oh! she deserves the greatest monarch's love!

Enter Darthula.

DARTHULA.

My father bound! Thou murderer of my
brother!

Thou wilt not kill my aged father too!

CAIRBAR.

No violence to Colla or to thee
Do I intend.—The old man was incens'd,
I but secur'd him by a short confinement,
Until his dangerous frenzy shall subside.
But how shall I with love accost Darthula,
Whom I have injur'd thus? Oh, blinded eyes!
Could ye not in her brother's features see
Some sweet resemblance of Darthula's charms!
Charms, that through night's obscurity might
send
Meridian lustre!—Ah could Cairbar's tears
Recal him back to life! These tears should
flow

Q9

Till

Till Cairbar wasted in the bitter flood ?

DARTHULA.

This grief fictitious, these dissembled tears,
These sighs constrain'd, and this pretended
fawning,
Can ne'er impose on me ; for through them
all
I see thy little soul still brooding o'er
Its wonted murders, rapine, and deceit.

CAIRBAR.

Mistaken, cruel fair one ! Could'st thou see
My soul aright, thou'd'st see it all contrition;
All chang'd to pity, soften'd and prepar'd
To be new modell'd by DARTHULA's will !
For day and night I've constant sigh'd for thee,
Since first I saw thee ! O the sweet remem-
brance !

'Twas when Alnecma once with Ullin met
In peaceful sports, to try their heroes strength.
The plain was circled by a ring of beauty,
Like that which oft arrays the showery sphere:
'Thou, like the sun gav'st lustre to the whole;
In youthful charms bright as the morning sun,

When

When first he smiles upon the settled lake!
 When first the rising fishes leap for joy,
 And birds on bordering bushes sweetly sing.
 On thee engaging champions cast their eyes,
 And felt new vigour from th' inspiring view.
 Their looks on thee the bards transported fix'd;
 And when they should have sung the conquer-
 ror's praise,
 Their erring tongues pronounc'd Selama's
 maid.
 Love's flames since that time in my bosom
 burn'd.
 O! be the Queen of Erin and of Cairbar!

DARTHULA.

Sooner I'd leap into the angry mouths
 Of bears or wolves. I'd sooner meet grim
 death
 In the most dreadful form e'er terror fancy'd.

CAIRBAR.

I like no bear or wolf pursue to tear thee!
 I woe thee gently to thy happiness.

DARTHULA.

Like bear or wolf!—Like Cairbar!—That
is worse.

They spare the young of their peculiar kinds
But he's a monster of some new fierce kind,
Which nature knows not yet, and has no
nam'd.

CAIRBAR.

Blushing, I own I have too long been such
Chang'd by my love, I'm now all gentleness
My melting heart expands itself to thee,
And would inclose thee in its inmost folds.
As the sun's warmth first forms the swelling
buds,
Then makes the fragrant blossoms of the
spring,
With heat accumulated, grow to fruit;
So shall my love——

DARTHULA.

Peace, vile dissembler! Peace
The fiercest tempest of the frozen North
Ne'er made such havoc on the blooming spring

As thou hast done on Erin's richest blossoms.
Hear me, departed spirits of my brothers!
If I consent to love your murderer,
That instant send me some more torturing
death,
Than mortals know; and when my body's
cold,
Despise my spirit; spurn it far from you,
To howl with the oppressors of mankind,
Who on each other in grim Torture's cave
Practise the dreadful parts they play'd in life!

CAIRBAR.

Yet, yet relent! Think what is in my
pow'r!
To make thee Queen of this extensive isle,
Or make thee prisoner, and take by force—
Why this intrusion?

Enter Cathmor.

CATHMOR.

Wherefore am I made
The shameful instrument of your deceit?
You

You made me now assure them, ere they entered,
Of gentle treatment while they tarried here,
And liberty at pleasure to depart.
Yet Colla you have made a prisoner;
And in the lady's face I read distress!

CAIRBAR.

I am thy King.

CATHMOR.

Thou art my brother too.
But make me not forget that double bond.

CAIRBAR.

His boldness awes me. (*aside.*)——No my
best of friends,
No more shall Cairbar's conduct give thee pain.
Go, set old Colla free.——This scornful fair,
Safe in the strength of her all-pow'rful charms,
Needs nothing fear. In softest terms of love,
I woo'd her to be Erin's Queen and mine.

CATHMOR.

Nathos has sent a party, who demand
The

The bodies of th' unhappy youths, to lay
Among their fathers, with th' accustom'd
rites.

That done, he'll meet thee on th' adjacent
plain.

To avenge, he says, their deaths, or share
their fates.

CAIRBAR.

The bodies let him have. Their fates he'll
share.

And so I'll tell him. Cathmor, follow me.

[*Exeunt Cairbar and Cathmor.*]

DARTHULA, (*alone.*)

Tremendous Pow'rs! who fierce in hurri-
canes,

Or swifter thunders, dart th' avenging stroke!

Why is the forest, or th' unfeeling rock

Rent in your idle wrath, while Cairbar lives?

Enter

Enter Colla.

COLLA.

Break! break? Wilt thou not break, my
stubborn heart?

DARTHULA.

What means my father?

COLLA.

Wherefore have I liv'd?
Wherefore, O wherefore, have I liv'd to see
The last of all my sons borne to his grave?

DARTHULA.

Ah!—Are they gone?

COLLA.

Now they are carrying out
My King! My son! How ghastly in their
wounds!
And of brave youths untimely slain, besides,
More

More than enough to break the hardest heart,
Although no son of mine, or King, were
there:
Yet mine breaks not.

DARTHULA.

Let us go hence, my father.

COLLA.

Yes; we will follow the sad spectacle,
And leave this dismal, now detested place.
Once happy seat of royal dignity,
Art thou become the nauseous den of murder?

[Going, they are slopt by a guard,

GUARD.

I am commanded to detain you here.

DARTHULA.

'Tis as I fear'd!—He will not let us go.

COLLA.

He by our danger will restrain the rage
R r Of

Of such as would revenge the death of Cormac.

DARTHULA.

Our danger!—O, my father! great our danger.

Enter Cairbar.

COLLA.

Tyrant! What is thy bloody purpose now!

CAIRBAR.

Much I repent me of the blood I've shed,
But hope to be compell'd to shed no more.
If Colla, yet rejoicing long in life,
Would see his daughter Erin's happy Queen—
If thou would'st smile in thy departing hour,
To think that Princes shall descend of thee;
Solicit her t' accept my offer'd love.

COLLA.

Behold a father on his bended knee,
To entreat his daughter.

DARTHULA.

What can my father mean?

COLLA.

By thy departed mother's shade, whose
 charms
Now seem renew'd in thee! By those dear
 shades,
That yet are hovering o'er their bleeding
 limbs,
New borne to burial! I conjure thee——

DARTHULA.

What?

COLLA.

Despise the murderer!—Scorn all shameful
 greatness!

DARTHULA.

Thou know'st me not, if thou hast any
 fears.

R r 2

COLLA.

COLLA.

I fear not that his greatness, or his love,
Display'd with all his art, shall ever find
A traitor weakness in my daughter's heart.
But should he with his wonted rigour threat
This hoary head; refuse, and let me die!

CAIRBAR.

Then die thou must. Ha! Can I be re-
fus'd
Where all is in my pow'r?

DARTHULA.

My life's in mine!—
My father rise!—Why didst thou kneel to
pray
To her thou may'st command?

COLLA.

I've more to beg!
Should he compel thee to his hated bed,
Let never sleep or slumber shut thine eye,
Till, in some heedless hour, thou make his blood

Attorn

Attone for murder'd Fruthil's, and thy King's.

CAIRBAR, (*putting his hand to his sword.*)

Ha!—Suffer this! Old traitor, dost thou
hatch

Thy dangerous treasons in a Sovereign's hear-
ing?

No!—I'll be merciful!—Go: Take him
hence!

And in some strong apartment shut him up.

COLLA.

Tear me, thou tyrant! tear me limb from
limb:

But from my dear, dear daughter drag me
not.

[*He is forced out.*]

DARTHULA.

Let me be laid with him in some dark
vault;

And let us die together far from thee.

CAIR-

CAIRBAR.

No!—This apartment, Lady, is thine own
Or, when thou pleasest, walk through all this
court.

Hear this you guards!—Still keep within
her sight.

Enter Althan.

ALTHAN.

Wilt thou confine the Lady?

CAIRBAR.

Worthy bard,

Stay thou with her. If by thy softening art
Of music, thou canst soothe her cruel heart,
Thou shalt be first of all the bards of Erin.

ALTHAN.

Not from the favour of a tyrant comes
The bard's pre-eminence. The tuneful power
Distinguish them. Men yet unborn may glow
With

Wich Althan's song: But none shall ever say,
He flatter'd vice, tho' crown'd with bound-
less pow'r.

CAIRBAR.

Then starve on airy fame,—thou whining
fool!

In manlier sounds thus Cairbar sings his love:

I give thee yet an hour to think of it.—

If then thou still refuse to be my Queen,

Thy father, that old stubborn fool shall die.

I'll cut his gray head from his stooping shoul-
ders.

And when thou hast beheld the dreadful
scene,

Force shall procure what is deny'd to love.

[Exit.

Darthula, Althan, Guards.

DARTHULA.

Thou monster! Force?—O had he threat-
ned death,

I

I could have smil'd at the uplifted sword,
Receiv'd its fall without a dying groan,
And gone a joyful ghost to meet my bro-
thers.

Within an hour! These guards, these guard-
oppose.

ALTHAN.

Aye, they prevent it: Else I could the
lead
Without his pow'r.

DARTHULA.

O tell me, Althan, how
To leap from th' highest of this castle's walls
Into its deepest ditch, and sink in mud,
Compos'd of filth and putrid carcases,
Were far less horrible than staying here.

ALTHAN.

Some lucky moment we perhaps may find
When they shall in their vigilance relax.—

DARTHULA.

And is it but perhaps?—Our time runs on
Stead

Stern perpetrators of his cruelties,
Whose swords are reeking yet with childrens
blood!

To murder me would show some pity in you.
If any more humane.—But Cathmore comes.
Cathmor is merciful! He'll give me death!

Enter Cathmor.

Does Cathmor bear his brothers harsh com-
mands,
To aggravate my sorrows?

CATHMOR.

No, Darthula!

I sympathize with thee in all thy sorrows,
And hate, like thee, my brother's shameful
deeds.

Before you entered these unhappy gates,
He made me pledge my honour for your
safety.

Though he meant to deceive, I was sincere;
And still look on myself as bound to exert
My power to frustrate his base stratagems.

S s

DAR-

DARTHULA.

Vile and contemptible mankind would be,
Were all like Cairbar ! But the few like Cath-
mor

Still make us of our general nature proud.
Most generous friend of men ! thy chiefest
joy

Is still in actions of benevolence,
Relieving the distress'd of every kind !
Greater distress ne'er stood before thee, Cath-
mor !

Than now thou seest. One hour, and that
runs on,
'Twixt threatned force and murder !—Save,
O save me !

CATHMOR.

Point out some way. By force I cannot
now :
And with his nature supplication's vain.

DARTHULA.

No supplication can have weight with him !

He knows no love, no pity, no remorse,
None of th' affections that the virtuous feel.
For hatred, envy, malice, and revenge,
With falsehood, avarice, and cruelty,
Are all th' ingredients of his dark'ned soul.

CATHMOR.

Canst thou, O reverend bard, devise no
means?

ALTHAN.

I know a passage, and 'tis known to few,
By which, but for these guards, we might
escape.

DARTHULA.

Their orders are, ne'er to lose sight of us.
And could I leave my poor old father here?

ALTHAN.

If there's a messenger that you could trust,
This way he might bring Nathos in with
force,

S s 2

That

That by surprize could drive out Cairbar
troops.

CATHMOR.

I've no such messenger! No friend of mine
Whom I could trust, has entred yet these
walls.

Important is the trust!

DARTHULA.

Our time is short!

CATHMOR.

But this attempt were to betray my brother,
ther,
Else would I be this messenger myself.

DARTHULA.

Does such a brother merit Cathmor's love?
Then love thy brother, and prevent his
shame!
And O remember, that our little hour
Is almost half expir'd!

CATHMOR.

CATHMOR.

There is no way
To save you, but by bringing Nathos in:
And his resentment would not spare my brother.

DARTHULA.

Yes! he will spare him for brave Cathmor's sake.
Make these conditions with him first.

CATHMOR.

I will.

Where is this passage? Under ground, I hope,

ALTHAN.

In yonder vault, whose entrance fronts us
here,
You near the middle of the floor will find
A ring. That pulls a trap door up. Go down.
The way is smooth and easy. Four in rank,
Marching upright, may carry all their
arms.

DAR-

DARTHULA.

O generous Cathmor, fly with swiftest
speed,
Lest Cairbar come, and blast our new-sprung
hopes :
As frost the forward bud which comes too
early,
With the deceitful warmth of winter suns.

CATHMOR.

If Cairbar come, seem to consent to love
him ;
Or make excuses for some short delay.

[Exit

DARTHULA.

Seem to consent !——I'm yet untaught to
seem.
My looks with falsehood never will accord.
My tongue, as yet unpractis'd in deceit,
Will, fault'ring, all the blameless fraud be-
tray.
By fair resistance may I not evade him,

Til

Till Nathos come?

ALTHAN.

Then will he kill thy father.

DARTHULA.

O had I never been, or dy'd a child,
My father thou hadst liv'd in safety now!
In half an hour! Must I be forc'd to see
My venerable father dragg'd to death?
He threat'ned worse!——Distraction! Never,
never!
With my own hand I'll liberate my foul!

ALTHAN.

Hope still the best! Cathmor is swift of
foot.
He'll run with speed, and Nathos will re-
turn
Upon love's swiftest wings to save DARTHULA.

DAR-

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DARTHULA.

Soon he may come too late !

ALTHAN.

O'ercome your fears,
And go within ; left in your anxious looks
These prying guards find matter of suspi-
cion.

[*Exeunt*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

C H O R U S II.

SCENE, *A burying place near Nathos' army.*

NATHOS, OFFICERS, BARDS, MUSICIANS.

I.

FAREWELL! Alas! a long farewell,
Too tender tenants of a tomb!
By murder's stern commands ye fell;
Fell ere your lives had reach'd their bloom,
How savage he who so commands!
And cruel, cruel they,
Whose harden'd hearts allow their hands,
Such stern commands to obey!
Now, lifeless, breathless, cold,
Laid low beneath the mold,
In the damp ground,
Ye sleep profound:

T t

While

While busy life is bustling round,
And fears and fell remorse the murderers
wound,

Here your fair limbs must now decay,
And all remembrance of you fade away.

II.

Yet many long, with heart-sprung tears,
Unhappy Cormac's fate shall mourn;
And long lament the little Peers

That were about, his reign t' adorn.
Your mournful fathers long for you
Shall heave the secret sigh;

And long your mother's tears bedew
The pillows where they lie.

Oft hither shall repair

The little virgins fair,

Their griefs to shew,

And round you strew

The sweetest flowers their fancies know,
While down their lovely cheeks the bitter tor-
rents flow ;

And every little bosom heaves,
To see their brothers, or young lovers graves.

III. But

III.

But raise, blest souls, your spiritual eyes !
 Behold the wonders of the skies !
 The spirits of your grandfathers old,
 Although we cannot, ye behold !
 Those spirits kind, that wont erewhile,
 On all your little plays to smile ;
 That lately at your murder frown'd,
 That groan'd and wept at ev'ry wound :
 Assembled by your sing'lar fate,
 Now all in smiles around you wait.
 They wait, till they have heard our song,
 To lead your tim'rous souls along.
 To teach you on new wings to fly
 Through the new pleasures of the sky.
 Faint is their voice ! It sounds too low
 For a gross mortal ear ;
 But sp'ritual language now ye know ;
 Now ye these friendly greetings hear ;

IV.

" Welcome ev'ry gentle shade,
 " Welcome here to better life !

T t 2

" Ye

" Ye leave the world ; but are ye therefore
" sad ?

" Ye leave much anguish, terror, envy, strife !

" Fear no more the murderer's blow !

" Sorrows ye no more shall know.

" On generous souls we ever smile,

" And lead them to sublimest joys ;

" But sordid minds, whom cruel deeds defile,

" We all contend to humble and despise.

" If ye bring with you inward peace ;

" Everlasting is your bliss !

" In youth's most pleasant playful days,

" With health and vigour ye arrive ;

" To health more certain, to more pleasant
" plays,

" And never-ending youth ye now revive !

" Rise, happy spirits ! chearful rise,

" To most sublime ethereal joys !

V.

" Does Cormac all his courtiers bring,

" His life's companions in his train ?

" Most happy courtiers ! happy King !

" Begin, begin your happy reign !

" No

" No wrangling jealous fear,
" No envying even of fav'rites here!
" But ev'ry mind serene, and ev'ry conscience
" clear!

VI.

" Behold the joys sublime of light!
" Behold these cloud-form'd steeds, with
" wings of wind;
" With all the rainbow's colours bright!
" Swift as the quick emotions of the mind!
" Our thoughts at once rise to the moon!
" Those little airy steeds can thither fly as
" soon!
" D'ye choose the chase? or mimic war?
" On these you'll bound from star to star!
" Would ye see whence springs the foremost ray
" Of morning light?
" Or the dark cave where rests by day,
" The gloomy night?
" On these o'er earth, o'er seas, o'er ether
" soar,
" All nature's wondrous mysteries at once ex-
" plore!

VII. " But

VII.

“ But if it more shall please
“ To visit earth below ;
“ Your mournful parents hearts to ease
“ Of wasting woe :
“ Gently, gently on their slumbers steal ;
“ Disturb them not with sudden screams :
“ But in softly-soothing dreams,
“ Their bleeding sorrows heal.

VIII.

“ If ye sometimes wish in your wrath
“ Due vengeance for your wrongs to find
“ Wish not for the curs'd murderer's death ;
“ But view his tortur'd mind !
“ See,—for ye now can see it plain,
“ What phantoms rack the guilty brain !
“ Short sleeps !—dire dreams !—He starts, he
“ wakes !
“ He at imagin'd horror shakes !
“ Remorse and never-ceasing fear
“ Engender still fresh pois'nous snakes,
“ His conscious breast to tear !

“ By

"By tortur'd mortals pangs severe are felt!
"But there's no torture like the sting of guilt."

Enter Cathmor hastily.

CATHMOR.

Th' importance of my message will excuse
me,
For interrupting thus your pious rites!
O Nathos, hear!—Meantime cause light some
torches.

*(Cathmor and Nathos walk aside, while the
Chorus goes off singing.)*

CHORUS.

Forever! ever!—O farewell!
Forever, dearest youths, adieu!
Yet future bards your fates may tell,
And future mourners weep for you!
Forever, O adieu!

[Exeunt Chorus.

Manent

Mainent Cathmor, Nathos, Officers.

CATHMOR.

I know he will not fight thee. 'Tis agreed
That he shall go in safety with his troops.

NATHOS.

Not one shall fall, if they make no resist-
ance.—

O my DARTHULA! what thou suffer'st now!—
My Caledonians only follow me.—

Four men in rank. One torch must go before.
Dispose the rest so as t' enlight the whole!

[Exit with Cathmor soldiers bearing torches]

Remain some Erinian officers.

FIRST OFFICER.

His Caledonians! So! 'Tis manifest
We are not trusted by our foreign chief!

SECOND OFFICER.

A smooth-fac'd boy to lead such veteran
warriors.

*[Exeunt
ACT*

A C T III.

Scene within the Castle, as before.

Cairbar meeting an Officer.

OFFICER.

CATHMOR we cannot find.

CAIRBAR.

Search all the apartments.

Last night he watch'd ; was much fatigu'd to-day,

And now perhaps he is retir'd to rest.——

Were I assur'd that he would ne'er be found,

'Twould give me little sorrow. But I fear

We soon shall find him with our enemy,

And thither all our force will follow him —

I am no king while this smooth Cathmor lives!

Who saw my brother last ?

U u

OFFICER

OFFICER ON GUARD.

I saw him lately
Conversing with the mourning lady here.
'Twas when you left her. Both appear'd dis-
turb'd,
She with her fears, and he with sympathy.
Their conference was short; but it seem'd
earnest.
I stood too far remote to hear their words.

CAIRBAR.

What! is DARTHULA gone along with him?

OFFICER.

As you commanded, we kept sight of her;
Nor has she yet from this apartment stirr'd.

CAIRBAR.

And if she be not there, woe to thy life!
I'll instantly be satisfy'd of this.

[*Opening the door.*]

DAF.

DARTHULA, (*rushing out in fear.*)

What would'st thou now? The time is not
expir'd.

CAIRBAR, (*after a pause.*)

Be all the guards,—be ev'ry sentinel
This instant chang'd; the gates keep strongly
shut.

On no pretence let any pass by them.
There's treason hatching!—But I'll search it
out.

[*Exit.*]

Darthula, Althan.

DARTHULA.

Conscious of what his horrid deeds deserve,
He sees th' avenging sword in ev'ry shadow.
But, anxious in suspicion, he will search.
If he discover it,—where are our hopes?

ALTHAN.

By all thy hopes and fears I must entreat
thee,

U u 2

To

To strive such apprehensions to suppress.
For, be assur'd, his art will work on these,
And, feigning information, make thee speak
In terror, what thy prudence would conceal.

DARTHULA.

He comes ! The monster !

ALTHAN.

Labour to dissemble
Thy strong aversion.—O pretend compli-
ance.

Enter Cairbar.

CAIRBAR, (*to himself.*)

'Tis certain Cathmor's not within these walls
As certain 'tis he pass'd not by the gate.
It follows then, he found some secret way,
Which none but Althan could direct him to.

ALTHAN.

Is Cathmor gone?—Would we were gone
with him !

His cruelty is now without restraint.

CAIRBAR.

Is this thy way, thou virtuous seeming
bard!

Thou hoary hypocrite! Is this thy way?
Does it conform with that philosophy
Profess'd by thee, to injure and betray
A King who gave thee life and liberty?

ALTHAN.

I thank not thee, but Cathmor for my life,
And where's the liberty thou boast'st of giving?

Am I not still thy prisoner confin'd?
When was it in my pow'r to injure thee?
Nor were 't treason!——When did I profess
To be thy friend?——Yet I've befriended
thee.

These guards can vouch it; since you left us
here,

I have not from Darthula's presence stirr'd.
I've counsel'd her, that the most prudent
step

Were to be more compliable to thee.

CAIR-

CAIRBAR.

Thee and thy counsels I confide not in!
Vain are those arts: For I am well inform'd
Of all your plots. I know my brother's gone
To bring in Nathos by a secret passage!

ALTHAN.

Not long ago I saw brave Cathmor here.

CAIRBAR.

And then it was your treasons were contriv'd.

ALTHAN.

Canst thou suspect of treason that brave
Prince,
Whose only failing is his faithfulness
To such a brother? But if he has found
A passage, such as thou imaginest,
I hope that Colla's safe along with him.

CAIRBAR.

Ha! Colla gone?—'Tis not improbable!

Let

Let Colla be this instant here produc'd.—
You!—Carry this deceitful bard away.—
Let him be tortur'd to a full discovery.

[*Althan led out.*

What, fair DARTHULA, hast thou now resolv'd?
More than the time allow'd thee is elaps'd;
And I impatient wait to hear my doom.
I hope you profited by Althan's counsel;
And find it now most prudent to comply.

DARTHULA.

That 'tis most prudent, all, my Lord, agree.

And were I sure that you was really chang'd,
As late you said, to gentle and humane—
But of that change no symptoms can I see,
In your commanding thus a poor old bard
To be tormented, almost in my sight.

CAIRBAR.

Kings, the most merciful, are oft constrain'd

To guard themselves by such severities;

And

And prudent Princes never pardon treason.

DARTHULA.

True; when their treasons are made manifest.

But thus to punish on a bare suspicion
Is liker far the tyrant than the king.

CAIRBAR.

Though fair thy person, fairer is thy mind!
Henceforth in virtue will I rival thee!—

Go, stop the tort'ring of the poor old bard!

[Aside to messenger.]

But let him in a prison be secur'd.—

Hence see the influence of thy pow'r on me!

Let me but know thy pleasure, and 'tis done!

O take, and make of me whate'er thou wilt.

DARTHULA.

Thus to command a King, who governs
many,

To my ambition is most flattering.

But th' approbation of a father still

Is wanting to confirm me.

CAIR-

CAIRBAR.

Lo! he comes!

I leave thee with him.—Labour to appease
His just resentment. Thou may'st well assure
him,
That his advice shall all my actions sway.

(To Colla as he is entering.)

Colla, thou art a prisoner now no more.

[Exit.

Colla and Dartbula.

COLLA.

My dear, dear daughter!—Do I find thee
safe?

No more a prisoner? What means the tyrant?
Dungeons and death were welcomer to me
Than any favours Cairbar can confer.

DARTHULA.

As soon as you was dragg'd away from us.

X x

I

I still persisting to despise his love,
He threaten'd—O my father! what he
threaten'd!—

To cut thy gray head from thy reverend
shoulders!—

And then by violence to—ruin me.

COLLA.

'Tis time that this old head were laid in
dust.

But, violence!—What? Violence to thee!

DARTHULA.

One hour he only gave to think of this.
Distracted, desperate, and perplex'd, I fought
Ev'n with my being to conclude my troubles.
Meanwhile the noble, generous Cathmor came
With soft compassion melting in his eye,
Said that he felt my sorrows, he had pledg'd
His honour for our safe departure hence,
And would effect it, should it cost his life.
He's gone to bring in Nathos, by a cave
Which reaches from this castle to the wood.
Cairbar soon miss'd his brother. Hither he
came,

With

With jealous apprehensions agitate.
Suspecting all our plot, he prefs'd me hard.—
I've done what thou, I fear, wilt not approve.

COLLA.

What hast thou done?

DARTHULA.

Dear is thy life to me!

COLLA.

O my Darthula! see the rueful marks
Of time's destructive hand on this old carcase!
This breathing corse, this wasted skeleton!
This poor incumbrance of a busy world!
This wither'd arm behold! unstrung its nerves,
And loose its joints, it quivers in the breeze!
What hast thou done for such a worthless life?

DARTHULA.

Cathmor and Althan both advis'd me——

COLLA.

What?

X x 2

DAR-

DARTHULA.

That I, disguising my dislike of him,
Should feign compliance, to procure delay.
I put him off with waiting your consent.
Your just resentment, therefore, O restrain!
And for a short time use dissimulation!

COLLA.

Dissimulation!——I detest and loath it!
Deceit dwells not in truly noble breasts!
That foul criterion of the groveling soul
Was ever the most despicable of vices;
And now by Cairbar's practice 'tis more vile!

DARTHULA.

Suspect not that I mean to justify
What thou condemn'st: But sure if ever cause
Could vindicate such practice, it is ours.
'Tis for our safety indispensable.
'Twas ever meritorious to defeat
By any measures such vile purposes!
'Twas ever just to turn against our foes
Such weapons as they use for our destruction.

COL-

COLLA.

In these old days must I be forc'd to wield
A weapon which I never us'd in youth?
Severe necessity!—Nor is success
From thence assur'd.—Soon will the tyrant
come.

Didst thou not say, that he suspects the
plot?

Then jealousy will stimulate him t' essay
If we're sincere in our intent, by urging
Th' immediate finishing of what is fought.

In your refusal he discovers all!

Provok'd he rages!—Cathmor is not here!

Cathmor alone restrains his violence!—

His violence!—What will Darthula do?

My comfort is, that I shall first be dead.

But thou hast no alternative.

DARTHULA.

This dagger,
This shall at least preserve me from the
worst!

COL-

COLLA.

'Tis what I wish'd.—Yet when propos'd
by thee,
Thy father's tender heart almost relents,
And would dissuade thee from it!—O my
child!

In thee are all my hopes,—and all my fears!
Be not too hasty in this desperate act!
For with thee perish all the race of Colla!—
But perish Colla! perish Colla's race!
Darthula, never turn from honour's paths!

DARTHULA.

But what, my father! will become of
thee
When I, the last of all thy race, shall fall?

COLLA.

Think not of me. I will not long sur-
vive;
But in soft melancholy calmly sink,
Reflecting on my children gone before!

DAR-

DARTHULA.

Ha!—See he comes!—Ye pow'rs that
guard the good,
Protect us! Save us from this murderer!

Enter Cairbar.

CAIRBAR, (*To his soldiers as he advances.*)

'Tis past a doubt! There is a secret passage;
And you must find it.—Make a stricter search.

(*To himself.*)

To stop the torturing of yon cunning bard
Was not so safe!—From him we must extort
it.—

They will attempt, if they are in the plot,
T' amuse me for a time with feign'd assent.
If any man out-do me in deceit,
He must have more dexterity than Colla.

(*To*

(*To them.*)

Conscious of my unworthiness, I fear,
And tremble, while I come t' enquire my
doom!

Forgive me, Colla!—You behold in me
An object more of pity than resentment.
For I, unhappy! I have ever been,
By blind, impetuous passions oft impell'd
T' offend the most, where most I wish'd to
please.

The injuries, the heinous injuries
So lately done to you, would I had suffer'd!
I had not then this bitter anguish felt.
But could my all——O could my life atone!
I'd now resign it at DARTHULA's feet!

DARTHULA.

Resign thy life?—Alas! Could that at-
tone!

A life of virtue, (such as you propose)
And generous actions, useful to mankind,
Would best compensate former injuries.

CAIRBAR.

'Tis true!—My death would frustrate my
intention

Of making an atonement more compleat,
By dedicating all my future life
To Colla's will, and fair DARTHULA's pleasure.
In ages yet to come shall Erin bless
The happy reign of Cairbar's virtuous Queen.
For thou shalt govern me, and all my actions.
The virtuous, brought from their obscure re-
treats,
Shall shine, as they deserve, with eminence.
While vice, disgrac'd, shall skulk in vile con-
tempt,
Or be dragg'd out to suffer what he merits.

COLLA.

Such kings have been in Erin!—But—
Alas!—

CAIRBAR.

Why that Alas?—Dost thou mistrust me,
Colla?

Y y

Ah!

Ah! Shall I never win thy confidence?

COLLA.

Believe me, Sir, I'd wish to see thee virtuous!——

But cannot now expect to—live so long!

CAIRBAR.

O Colla! Colla!—Wilt thou ne'er forgive me?

Oh! canst thou not forget what I have done?
The thoughts of it now fill these eyes with tears,

And make this breast, thou think'st so fierce,
to bleed!

Forget, forget it!——I will be thy son!
I will obey and love thee like a son,
And be thy future comfort of thy age.

COLLA.

A son of so much pow'r would make me proud.

The injuries, that cannot be redress'd,
It is the part of prudence to forget.

CAIR-

CAIRBAR.

Thou answerest but in general sentences :
Thou say'st not yet, Darthula shall be mine!

COLLA.

May she be happy in her destin'd Lord ;
Thou in thy Queen !

CAIRBAR.

Still, still equivocal !
See their aim, and soon will disconcert it !
[*Aside.*

This unexpected happiness quite, quite
Overpow'rs me!—It has almost struck me
dumb !

Darthula mine !—Come to thy lover's arms!
Thy happy, blest'd, transported lover's arms!
And let us now to immediate joys retire.

COLLA.

Check thy impatience ! There are previous
forms :

The sacred, necessary vows of love,

Y y 2

Of

Of faithful, virtuous, honourable love,
You must submit to.

CAIRBAR.

Forms for fettering fools
But be it so, since it is Colla's will.

(*Aloud.*)

Let all our nobles, officers, and bards,
Prepare to celebrate our instant spousals,
With banqueting, with songs, and shouts of
joy.

DARTHULA.

Not in this castle! where my brother fell
So lately fell, and scarcely buried yet!
The last of Colla's sons!—At this sad time
In this sad place, how could we relish joy?
Grant some few days t' extenuate our griefs,
Then with becoming chearfulness I'll rise
To the exalted state of Cairbar's Queen.

CAIRBAR.

What? for the ceremonious forms of grief
Sh

Shall I forgo such joys, when in my pow'r?
No! Let us timely wife, be blest'd to day!
To-morrow will be soon enough to mourn.

DARTHULA.

Stay, I conjure thee, Cairbar! yet forbear,
Forbear a while.

CAIRBAR.

No! Bid the ocean stop,
In midst of its career, the flowing tide!
It will obey thee sooner than my love!

DARTHULA.

It must not be!—Not now.

CAIRBAR.

Not now?—It shall.
Am I a king? and shall I be controul'd?
Think ye, that I perceive not your deceit?
No rapturous wishes tremble in your eyes;
And if your bosom beat, it is with fear,
Or hopes unsettled of your plot's success.—
I know your plots.—I know my brother's gone
To

To bring the Caledonian boy to kill me!——
That start confirms it all.——You have con-
spir'd
Against my life ; and thereby forfeit yours!
You shall not die ! But let me not repeat
My former threats.——'Tis in your pow'r to
shun them.

DARTHULA.

O grant me but one day ! one little day !

CAIRBAR.

No !—Not a minute. Instantly comply :
Or—See the sword is drawn to finish Colla.

COLLA.

Had Colla nothing worse than death to fear,
It would not pain him : But to leave my child
At such a monster's mercy, forces tears
From these old eyes, which have not often
wept.

CAIRBAR.

Thy daughter's love may yet preserve thy life.

DAR-

DARTHULA.

Thou might'st have been belov'd, when
thou didst seem
Humane and generous, though 'twas all as-
sum'd:
But in this fierce, this dreadful attitude,
Thou art detestible!

CAIRBAR.

I am resolv'd.
Yield thou this instant willingly to love,
And thou shalt be a Queen! Refuse, and send
This sword to Colla's heart; and then expect
What force may do.

DARTHULA.

I'll not survive my father!—
O spare my father! Spare that reverend head.

CAIRBAR.

Thou, thou thyself condemn'st that head
to death.
And for a kingdom wilt not ransom it.—
Now

(360)

Now——But 'tis fitter for a servile hand.
Here, guards! dispatch this traitor speedily.

(Shouts, warlike instruments.)

(Soldiers flying.)

FIRST SOLDIER.

The enemy!

SECOND SOLDIER.

The enemy!

THIRD SOLDIER.

Every vault pours out fresh numbers.

*Enter Nathos pursuing them off the stage with
his soldiers.*

CAIRBAR.

Stand to your arms, ye slaves! Why do ye
fly?

[Exit.]

(A)

(361)

(As he is going, to Cathmor entering.)

Thou hast betray'd me!

CATHMOR.

And preserv'd thee too.

'Tis now no time to stand: The gate is open'd.
All rally on the plain beyond the castle.

*(Shouts and warlike instruments continued some-
time.)*

Enter Nathos.

NATHOS.

Now is this castle clear'd of murderers;
And not a drop of murderers blood is shed.

CATHMOR.

Is Cairbar gone?

NATHOS.

Aye! With the foremost fled.

CATHMOR.

Then all is well!

Z z

(Colla

(362)

(Colla and Darthula coming forward.)

NATHOS.

If all be well with these;
Does Colla live?—And is Darthula safe?

COLLA.

Yes, brave deliverers ! One minute more
Had found us weltering in our blood ! The
sword
Was rais'd to sever this old neck ; and worse
Than death was threaten'd to my helpless
child !

NATHOS.

And yet I let him pass !

COLLA.

Let Cairbar pass !

NATHOS.

He pass'd within my stroke. O how
burn'd
To strike the murderer to the savage heart !
By

But I had pledg'd my faith to valiant Cath-
mor,
This generous Prince, who has preserv'd us
all.

DARTHULA.

I cannot, gallant Prince, nor will, attempt
To speak my gratitude, or admiration !
I know thy soul magnanimous partakes
Of all our happiness.

CATHMOR.

Have I not cause ?
From the foul register of Cairbar's crimes
I've kept a fouler crime than any there.
I'll fight against his enemies ; his vices
I'll counteract, as his most dangerous foes !

DARTHULA.

Oh Cathmor go not near thy murdering bro-
ther !

CATHMOR.

My life he dares not openly assail ;
And I'm aware of all his wonted arts. —

Z z 2

So

So much for friendship! Nathos, soon I'll
meet thee,

An enemy in battle.—Now adieu.

[Exit, Nathos conveying him.]

COLLA.

How mean the conquering hero's courage
seems

Compar'd with Cathmor's more exalted valour!
Greater than kings! by native virtue crown'd,
In thus defending an unworthy brother,
Who stands between thee and the sovereignty!
Thou show'st a greatness empires cannot give.

NATHOS, (returning.)

Once more must I, Darthula, leave thee
here!

Cairbar collects his forces on the plain,
And seems determin'd to contend with ours.

COLLA.

Old as I am, infirm, and slow of foot,
Shall I be bound by age's fetters here!
No!—Once again I'll mount the car of battle,
And pour my vengeance on the murderers!
There

There if I fall,—I fall as valour should;
Not by th' assassin's ignominious stab.

NATHOS.

When Colla fights, brave Colla must command.

This day direct the war, and let me learn
From such a master, skill'd in many a field.
I've summon'd all the troops: We'll join them
here.

COLLA.

And I will make me ready for the field.

[Exit.

DARTHULA.

Must I be left among these dismal scenes
Alone to wander? slaughter raging round me!
The halls within with murder'd innocence
Polluted all!—Grim discontented ghosts,
Yet loth to leave their limbs, will stalk around,
Or piteous howl thro' all these ghastly domes!

NATHOS.

A garrison sufficient shall be left

To

To man the walls, and to secure the gates.

DARTHULA.

Stay yet, my Nathos! for my trembling
heart
Is not yet settled! Terror struck so deep,
That wheresoe'er I turn, it still seems present.
Still I behold the tyrant's dreadful frown!
I see the sword hang o'er my father's head!
And shuddering seem to hear his threat'nings
still!

NATHOS.

Does he pretend to love? What threaten
thee?——
The ravenous wolf, that had not tasted food
For many a day, would rather die of famine,
Than hurt that lovely form! The softening
joy,
In spite of hunger, would o'erpow'r his fierce-
ness,
And make him, in expiring, fawn on thee!

DARTHULA.

What if my Nathos must return no more?
And

And my poor father in the battle fall?
Then Cairbar comes victorious!—Dreadful
thought!
None to defend me from his cruelty!

NATHOS.

If we should fall, to my old father fly:
Our ships are ready to convey thee thither.

DARTHULA.

To live without thee were the worst of
deaths!
To die with thee were joy! Our ghosts toge-
ther
Shall unmolested wander o'er the plain,
Skim the smooth surface of the summer lake,
Or on the clouds above the mountains fly.
We'll ride upon the whirlwind's rapid wings,
And sink the ships where murdering Cairbars
fail.

NATHOS.

We may yet long be blest in life and love.
At my return you'll ask how Cairbar fell.
And long, long after this, our tears shall flow
When gladly we relate these dangers past,
And

And make our children tremble with the tale.
[*A trumpet.*
I must begone!—Farewell! I'll see thee soon.

DARTHULA, (*alone.*)

If e'er I see thee, 'tis beyond my hopes:
For awful shadows of approaching woe,
Still deeply-darkening, on my fancy glide.
What dire disasters have this day befallen us!
Do more await us? Ravens and eagles soar
Above their heads! Do these foul birds of prey
Mark out the bodies which they long to tear?
The dreadful gleaming of their weapons seems
Like that ill-boding flame that flies along
The way, where soon the funeral shall pass.—
Am I deceiv'd?—Do I not see the ghosts
Of all my brothers bending from their clouds,
And beckoning Colla hence?—
What shrieks were these?—What's that?—
my father here?
All wounds! all blood! now pale! now black
as earth!
Was it th' illusion of a frightened fancy?
No! 'twas the harbinger of certain death.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

CHORUS

C H O R U S III.

Scene in Sight of the Field of Battle.

Carril and other Bards.

CARRIL.

COME, Bards, in thoughts and numbers free,
Unfetter'd all with fruitless flow'rs,
Sing what we of the fight shall see,
As prompted by the tuneful pow'rs.

SECOND BARD.

In nature's bold, but ready strains
Let the unmeasur'd numbers flow,
Varying with the various scenes,
That war shall now present of bliss or woe.

CHORUS.

Come, Bards, in numbers bold and free,
Prepare to sing the scenes we see!

A a a

THIRD

THIRD BARD.

Collecting death, on either hand,
In awful pause both armies stand,
Like two opposing clouds that lowr
Ready to discharge their wrath,
In rain, or hail's impetuous show'r,
'The thunder's rough tremendous roar,
And flash that sudden strikes with death.

FOURTH BARD.

Already the declining beams
Saffron o'er the western skies ;
Gray mists from the running streams,
From the lakes and marshes rise.

CARRIL.

Gray mists to mortals these appear !
But, mortals, could ye see aright,
Ghosts of warriors muster there,
To behold the important fight.

CHORUS.

Glide slow, great ghosts, along the vale !
Or, hovering o'er their heads, behold
Your

Your sons confirm each wond'rous tale,
That ancient bards of you have told.

FIFTH BARD.

Colla to the destin'd field
Drives his lofty car.

B. 6. Now he strikes his sounding shield!

B. 7. Now, now begins the war.

B. 8. Both armies advancing with ardour en-
gage.

B. 9. The Demon of Battle has loos'd all his
rage.

B. 10. Stones, arrows, and javelins, darken the
sky!

B. 11. Some wounded already are falling be-
hind!

B. 12. In vain they look forward! Their weak-
ness they find.

All. But whence comes that sorrowful cry?

B. 13. 'Twas from our own host!

B. 14. Some hero we've lost.

B. 15. 'Tis Althos that falls to the ground.

All. A hero we've lost:

'Tis Althos that lies on the ground!

Car. I'll view the nature of his wound.

Chor. Ill-fated victim of the noble flame

Destructive only to the brave!

A a a 2

How

How many youths, like thee, pursuing
fame,

Have drop'd into a grave?

Yet Bards thy fame shall raise:

For having seen

Thy manhood in thy early days,

They'll guess what thou mature hadst
been,

And sing thy praise.

B. 1. In fury the combatants close,
With sword against sword, and spear a-
gainst spear.

B. 2. With pushes and blows they each other
oppose,
All aiming destruction and death at
their foes.

B. 3. What havoc! What slaughter! now yon-
der, now here.

B. 4. From the bloody streams,
The sun's declining beams
Rebound in horrid gleams;

B. 5. And through blood all the features of
nature appear!

B. 6. Rank drives on rank.

B. 7.

B. 7. They fall, they die.

B. 8. Their friends behold without a sigh!

B. 9. On heaps of slaughter rising high,
They fill the dangerous place.

B. 10. But soon, too soon, alas!

Those warriors in those heaps may ly.

B. 11. Behold upon our right,
Where Nathos leads the fight;
Like a river swell'd with rain,
That bursts the bounding banks,
He breaks thro' hostile ranks.

B. 12. Those ranks give way!

B. 13. They take to flight!

B. 14. All scatter'd o'er the plain,
They fall at ev'ry blow!

Chor. Rush on! Strike home, till all be slain.

End the war, and end our woe!

B. 15. Our left in confusion!

All. They fly, they fly!

Fall not in disorder! Recover the line!

B. 16. Who makes all this havoc?

B. 17. What warrior is he?

All. 'Tis Cathmor himself, or some spirit
divine.

Chor. Cease, friend of men! from slaughter cease!

Can Cathmor be a cruel foe?

Thou

Thou life, thou joy of all in peace!
Canst thou in war bring death and woe?

B. 1. Colla, in his lofty car,
Leading on a chosen band,
Rushes boldly through the war,
To succour the flying.

B. 2. They rally!

B. 3. They stand!

B. 4. They charge with new vigour again.

B. 5. They cover the plain
With heaps newly slain!

All. They are proud to fight under brave
Colla's command.

B. 6. Cathmor far from Colla keep;
Unequal is the strife!

B. 7. Even thy own gallant heart would weep
For ending such a life.

B. 8. But Colla turn where late you led;
The main has now your absence found.

B. 9. With equal fate, while you was at their
head,

They fought and bled.

But now they're losing ground.

B. 10. Faint and languid falls each stroke.

B. 11. Support them, or they'll soon be broke.

B. 12.

B. 12. Is there no chief to chear?

B. 13. No succours near?

Chor. Dismal is the face our fortunes wear.

B. 14. But who comes over the height?

B. 15. Impatience appears in his stride.

B. 1. Already at the fight
With spirit now they fight.

B. 2. Th' advantage appears on their side.

B. 3. 'Tis he that wields Cuchullin's spear.

B. 4. And who wields that, but Ufnoth's
son?

B. 5. Conquest he over their left has won.

B. 6. He charges their main in flank and
rear.

B. 7. New courage returning,
With new fury burning,
Our friends lately fainting fight fiercely
again.

B. 8. While the foe all furrounded,
Disorder'd, confounded,
On every side wounded,
By hundreds are slain.

Chor. Dismay and terror, havoc, horror,
Urging on their hurried flight;
Crying, flying, groaning, dying,
No hopes but in th' approaching night.

B. 9.

B. 9. Cathmor, ever truly great,
Unchang'd by ev'ry change of fate,
Draws off his conquering troops, to
cover the retreat.

B. 10. Backward he slowly goes,
Intrepid in the rear,
Calmly repelling his pursuing foes.

B. 11. Victorious squadrons from his blows
Recoil with fear.

Chor. Powers benign! may never dart
Strike him in a mortal part!
Guard, O guard that generous heart,
Which ev'n his foes revere!

CARRIL.

No longer sing!——'Tis time to search the
field,
For wounded friends, who lying there in
pain,
Long for th' assistance of our healing art.
[*Exeunt all but Carril.*]

ACT

A C T IV.

Scene continues.—The Evening.

CARRIL, (*alone.*)

Is my old sight deceiv'd by evening's dusk;
Or is it Colla comes supported thus?

Enter Colla, carried by soldiers.

COLLA.

Now stop, my friends! Here set me softly
down!—

Fain would I see my daughter ere I die;
But find, this motion rankles so my wound,
That I should die before I reach'd the castle.

CARRIL.

Let lights be brought t' examine Colla's
wound.

B b b

COLL-

COLLA.

No matter, Carril, what becomes of me!
Your skill may be more usefully employed:
Here many vigorous lives you may preserve.

CARRIL.

Can I not yet preserve the life of Colla?

COLLA.

You see how deep this arrow lodges here!
With this my soul will issue forth, to greet
The mighty spirits in our songs renown'd.

CARRIL.

The wound is mortal!

COLLA.

Short while it prevents
The flow, but certain sap of wasting age!
Which every day was gaining on my vitals.

CARRIL.

Ah you had strength to hold out many
years!

COL-

COLLA.

I might have dragg'd with pain an useless
life,
For a few tedious melancholy years!
No joys had I in life!—Is this not better?—
Oh had I found the vengeance which I fought!
And seen my child by Cairbar's death secure,
In closing these old eyes I had rejoic'd,
To die a soldier of unspotted fame!

CARRIL.

If thou would'st see thy daughter, O suppress
Passion's inflammatory virulence,
Which hastens on thy few remaining minutes.

Enter Dartbula and Althan.

(With Ladies and soldiers attending.)

DARTHULA.

Is that not he so pale by yonder light!—
B b b 2 And

And art thou dead before I could receive
Thy last sad counsel from thy dying lips?

COLLA.

No, my DARTHULA! still thy father lives!
He wish'd to live till now, that he beholds
The sole surviving object of his care!

DARTHULA.

O Carril! Althan! Can ye not preserve
So dear a life?

CARRIL AND ALTHAN.

'Tis past the pow'r of art.

DARTHULA.

Why do ye weep?—Ye have no cause to
weep!—
Leave that to me!—For I was born to mourn.

COLLA.

Weep not for me.—Thy sorrows, O my
child,
Give me more pain than does this outward
wound.

DAR-

DARTHULA.

Shall I not weep? Shall I not weep for
thee?

For thee, my father? I alone am left
Of all thy race? Shall I not mourn thy fall?

COLLA.

Yes! thou of all my race art left alone.—
That race, I hope, may yet revive in thee,
Though I shall never see it.—But the pain,
That more I feel than all my dying pangs,
Proceeds from leaving thee so unsecure.
If thou wert safe beyond this murderer's
reach,
I'd go with pleasure to embrace the shades
Of all my family now waiting round me.

DARTHULA.

If to be murder'd were the worst I fear'd,
I would not grieve.—In transports could I
go
Along with thee to join that happy group!
But who shall aid, protect, or counsel me,
When

When thou art gone? Advise me what to do,
 Whilst yet thou canst advise me! That ad-
 vice

Shall with my father's image ever be
 My bosom's dearest treasure.

COLLA.

Fly from hence!

Here Cairbar is; and here are many such
 Of fordid, selfish, avaricious souls,
 Who will by falsehood, stratagem, or force,
 Attempt thy person for the large domains
 That now unhappily devolve to thee.—
 Seek thy protection in a husband's arms!—
 May he be loving, faithful, generous, brave!
 Such Nathos is.—In him thou mayst con-
 fide.—

With him to Caledonia quickly fly!—
 May you be happy there!—O may the race
 Of old Selama spring afresh from you!—

DARTHULA.

Where, where is he? Have not his wounds
 increas'd
 The dreadful deluge of this bloody field?

CAR-

CARRIL.

I hear his voice! He comes from the pursuit.

NATHOS, (*entering.*)

Though ev'ry where with ardour him I fought,

He no less anxiously avoided me:

And when his army broke, this boasting chief,
This king of slaughter, with the foremost fled.—

Cathmor, who nobly fell into their rear

And there with valour to be envy'd fought,

Restrain'd the progress of our first pursuit;

Else had I swam the flood, and climb'd the mountain,

Chac'd him along the narrow precipice,

Under the danger of the falling rocks,

And to the whirlwind giv'n his howling ghost.

DARTHULA.

O Nathos! Nathos! Colla is no more!

NATHOS.

NATHOS.

Alas, the good old chieftain! who so oft
Brought honour's brightest wreaths from
danger's field!

Who has in this his latest day display'd
A valour that made youth to wish for years!
Sedate and temperate in the hottest strife,
He brought to my remembrance what I had
heard

Of that great Pow'r, which rides above the
storm,

Conducting calmly its destructive course!
And art thou gone?—

COLLA.

Am going fast, my Nathos!

NATHOS.

He speaks!—He knows me!—How is it
with Colla?

COLLA.

As with a soldier who has struggled long
With

With all the hardships of a distant war,
When from the nearest height he kens his
home.

NATHOS.

O victory too dear, that is acquir'd
With so much precious blood!

COLLA.

Too much indeed!
My life is nothing!—It is more than ripe!
But many blooming youths, with both thy
brothers,
Are in the blossom of their vigour crop'd!

NATHOS.

What both my brothers! Ardan I saw fall,
Ah! how fell Althos?

COLLA.

As the brave should fall.
He too impetuous hasted to the foe.—
The hostile archers mark'd his goodly mien.
His manly valour with the danger grew!—
While yet I look'd at him, an arrow came,

C c c

And

And to the feather in his bosom sunk:—
I strove to hide my grief —I felt his death,
As if another son of mine had fallen.—

NATHOS.

Shall my poor brothers never more return
To fill their aged father's heart with joy?
But joy no more shall fill my father's heart:
For never, never shall his sons return!

COLLA.

Ufnoth has yet one worthy son in thee!—
O my DARTHULA! soon thou'lt have no father!—
Thou hast no brother to protect thee now!—

NATHOS.

If I am worthy, think thou leav'st in me
A son, who shall revere thy memory!
Who all the affection of a father, join'd
To that of many brothers, shall exceed,
For this dear maid; and with more zeal pro-
tect her.

COLLA.

I'm satisfy'd, my son!—Be kind to her!—

DARTH-

DARTHULA.

Alas ! alas !—How weak thou grow'st, my
father !

COLLA.

Oh ! Bear me to the tent ! Farewell my Na-
thos !——
Now all that I possess'd is thine !

NATHOS.

Of that
Darthula is by far the dearest part !
[*Colla carried out, Dartbula, Carril, Al-*
than following.

NATHOS, (*alone.*)

Like Colla let me live ! like Colla die !
Like him by every step move to renown !
Not fade in spirit when my limbs decay,
But bravely meet, in arms, the sword of
death.

C c c 2

Enter

Enter Usnoth attended.

USNOTH.

My Nathos!

NATHOS.

Ha!—My father come to Erin?

USNOTH.

Thy victory was the first happy news
That I heard utter'd on th' Erinian shore!
It makes thy aged father's heart exult
To see this rising sun of thy renown!

NATHOS.

Why has my father, in his hoary days,
Resum'd the buckler, which he had resign'd
To rust with those of his great ancestors.

USNOTH.

Since first we heard of brave Cuchullin's
death,

Dire

Dire apprehensions have thy father torn !
'Tis said no sense of honour e'er restrain'd
The cruel Cairbar from ungenerous plots :
That he, deceitful, waits in constant am-
bush

To seize th' advantage of unguarded hours.
My arm, indeed, is now of small avail !
But I am old, and you are young in arms !

NATHOS.

What army hast thou brought ?

USNOTH.

Our force is great.
Fingal has sent before his chosen youths,
Conducted by his grandson valiant Oscar.
Himself is following with a greater force
Of veteran troops, t' avenge the death of Cor-
mac.

NATHOS.

And where is Oscar ?

USNOTH.

Landing now his troops

In

(390)

In Tura's bay. The ship that carried me,
Complying with th' impatience of my wishes,
Outsail'd the rest, and hurried me to joy.

NATHOS.

My good old father!

USNOTH.

Ha!—Where are your brothers?

NATHOS.

Alas! my father!—They in battle fell.

USNOTH.

What! Both my younger boys? You said
not both!

NATHOS.

But both are slain.—And here old Colla
too!—

USNOTH.

What! Colla too?—My friend! and both
my sons!

NATHOS.

Be comforted, my father!

USNOTH.

O, my Nathos!——

I am the father now of none but thee!

NATHOS.

They fought like heroes!——They have
fall'n renown'd!

USNOTH.

I hope they have!——But many glorious
years

They might have fought, exalting their re-
nown!——

I, too indulgent to th' infatuate pray'rs

Of youth precipitate, sent them to meet,

Ere they had strength t' encounter, danger's
grasp!

NATHOS.

Their valour merited a better fate!

US-

USNOTH.

How sudden chang'd to mourning are the
joys
I felt at my first landing on this coast!—
Among the slaughter'd bodies twice I stum-
bled!
In one I thought I saw my Ardan's shapes!
Evening obscur'd the face!—I chid my
heart
For such a dire suggestion!—O, twas he!

ALTHAN, (*entering.*)

Colla's great spirit is at last at peace!
Darthula pours her pious sorrow forth
Upon the breathless body.

USNOTH.

O my friend!—

NATHOS.

My father, you must see this beauteous
maid!
Not more for beauty than for prudence fam'd,
And ev'ry female virtue!—She alone
Survives

Survives of Colla's lately numerous race.
To me her father's dying breath bequeath'd
her;
And ties of mutual love unite our hearts.

USNOTH.

'Tis now no time t' intrude upon her sor-
rows.

Enter Dermid.

DERMID.

Short way has Cairbar fled! We see their
fires
Now blazing on the height beyond the heath.

NATHOS.

To-morrow we'll dislodge him.

DERMID.

Has our chief,
The ever-honour'd Usnoth brought an army?

USNOTH.

A little army, Dermid, we have landed:

D d d

But

But Fingal, Morven's never-conquer'd King,
Who, vigorous still, with locks as white as
mine,
Makes youthful squadrons fly before his
sword,
Is landing now with a much greater force.

DERMID.

Most grateful tidings! — For we now sus-
pect
Some secret treason in th' Erinian troops.
In busy whispers; cautiously remov'd
From Caledonian ears, their chiefs confer.

NATHOS.

'Tis not improbable: Their King is slain,
And Colla dead. Perhaps they grudge t'obey
A foreigner's commands, and now conspire
To rob me of my pow'r.

DERMID.

'Tis that we fear.

NATHOS.

Keep you strict watch to-night.

DERMID.

DERMID.

Most needful 'tis!

[Exit.

NATHOS.

I have of late observ'd a discontent
Among the veteran chiefs. Should they re-
volt,
Our force is nothing. Few our native troops:
And ev'n of those the better part was left
To garrison the castle of Temora.
Could not your army join with ours to-night?

USNOTH.

I will endeavour it. My chariot waits.
I'll go to Oscar, and will bring them hither
With all the speed I can. Meanwhile fare-
well.

[Exit.

NATHOS.

Thy being here, alas, my good old father!
Is an addition to my former cares.

D d d 2.

Enter

Enter DARTHULA.

DARTHULA.

Woe still succeeds to woe: And sorrows
have
Mark'd ev'ry period of DARTHULA's life!
At hapless FRUTHIL's birth my mother dy'd!
One after one my gallant brothers fell!
The last this morning!—And my father now!
My dear, dear father!—Shall thy words no
more
Appease my sorrows, dissipate my fears,
And strengthen ev'ry virtue in my breast?

NATHOS.

Mourn not for COLLA!—He has but ex-
chang'd
A life of sorrow for a life of bliss.
A life he wish'd for, of immortal youth,
With all his family rejoicing round!—
The only anguish now they feel, is that
A daughter's and a sister's sorrow gives.

DARTHULA.

I know he's happy! Know his presence brings
Increase

Increase of pleasure to the realms of joy!—
 But how can we, who have that presence lost,
 Not feel our loss?—Long must I mourn for
 him!

NATHOS.

Now deep these griefs are on our minds
 impress'd;
 But time, that wears the titles from their
 tombs,
 Will wear these deep impressions from our
 minds,
 And smooth them to receive succeeding joy.
 Some of our dearest friends are snatch'd away;
 But thou art left; and that shall comfort me!

DARTHULA.

Yes, I am left! And so the lamb is left
 That weary slaughter till to-morrow spares!
 Do ye, indeed, dear shades! partake our sor-
 rows?

Then ye perceive and feel our dangers too!—
 Our danger's great! The murderer still exists,
 To form new stratagems for our destruction!
 O fly, my Nathos, from this dangerous land:
 For safety is not in it!—Fly from Cairbar.

NA—

NATHOS.

What! Shall we leave the field of victory,
And all our honour to a vanquish'd foe?
No! here we'll watch all night upon our arms,
To catch the first glimpse of the morning's
beams.

Then, then, thou tyrant, I will be reveng'd
For all the precious lives thou hast destroy'd.

DARTHULA.

There are more lives! there are more pre-
cious lives,
That he will ever labour to destroy.
And I, my Nathos, hazard more than life!—
I have no friend, no kindred to defend me;
No hopes have I of safety but in thee;
Nor ev'n with thee have hopes of safety here!

NATHOS.

In thy defence what would I not attempt?
I'd rush between thee and a falling rock!
I'd catch a thunder-bolt that threaten'd thee!
What would'st thou have me do?

DARTHULA.

Alas! what cause
Have

Have we to stay in this now-wasted land ?
 It was my father's last advice to leave it
 As soon as possible !——See all around,
 How ev'ry circumstance ev'n now concurs
 With that my prudent father's last advice !—
 No ray of ev'ning blushes in the west ;
 But night's dark shades have with th' horizon
 clos'd,
 To hide our embarkation from the foe :
 While night's fair Queen now rises from the
 waves,
 With dusky light to guide us through the
 gloom !
 No angry storm frowns on the distant hill,
 Portentous to the fearful mariner :
 But western breezes, rustling o'er the rocks,
 Make the gay glittering moon-beams sportive
 play
 Upon the curling surface of the main,
 And will convey us quick to Etha's shore !

NATHOS.

Thy sweet words make ev'n cowardice seem
 fair !
 But let us hazard here this one short night,
 And

And wait the burying of our friends to-mor-
row.

And we have friends that yet thou know'st
not of.

My father now was here! He brings with
him

A powerful army, sent by Morven's King
To strengthen us.

DARTHULA.

Ha! that brings hopes indeed!
And gives me comfort in the midst of woe!

NATHOS.

Ha! What means this?—There's an un-
usual bustle
Among our troops. I'll see what it imports.
[Exit.

DARTHULA, (*alone.*)

Hast thou already reach'd the aerial seats
Of happy souls? Or dost thou mournful here
Behold my tears with sympathizing woe?—
Could I forget thee, and indulge the hopes
The present prospect of my fate affords,
Thou

Thou would'st depart to bliss without a sigh!
Go then, dear spirit! let my brothers know,
That Cairbar flies; that the selected force
Of Morven's never-conquer'd heroes comes
To perfect conquest, and ensure our joy.

Enter Nathos with several officers.

NATHOS.

Haste, Ronan, haste, with all thy wonted
speed!
Tell them that they must come immediately,
With all the troops they've landed: For we
stand
Between two armies. Each too potent far
For our diminish'd force.

DARTHULA.

Ah! what means this?

NATHOS.

Great, my Darthula, is our danger now!
For our Erinians in a body march
To fight against us on the adverse side!

E e e

DAR-

DARTHULA.

What! All th' Erinians?

ONE OF COLLA'S OFFICERS.

No, Darthula, no!
'Thy father's friends are faithful still to thee;
And will defend thee while their lives remain:
For so they bid me tell thee.

DARTHULA.

And their friendship
I will remember while my life remains.
But though they're brave, though brave the
Caledonians,
Hardy in toil, and faithful to their chief,
Strong and resistless as the impetuous torrents
That, swell'd with rain, rush down their native
hills;
Yet what can they, so few, against so many?
O Nathos, is there yet no way to fly?

NATHOS.

I fear there is not: for they eastward move
Between us and our friends upon the shore;
Between

Between us and the castle. If they pass it,
We will make it our refuge till to-morrow.

OFFICER.

But be assur'd they will not pass it now;
For this is plainly their concerted plan,
To cut us off. They dar'd us, as they went,
To follow them; which if we 'ad rashly done,
Cairbar was ready to attack our rear.

DARTHULA.

Are there no hopes?—May we not yet
escape them?

NATHOS.

Go, Dermid, to the north, and, Connel,
south:
Try if we could not pass them there unseen.
Meanwhile, hard by there is an eminence,
On one side bounded by a wall of rocks;
There we'll prepare ourselves, the best we can,
For our defence, if we should be attack'd.
[Exeunt.]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

E e e 2

CHORUS

C H O R U S IV.

SCENE, *The sea-shore. The army landing by moon-light.*

BARDS AND SOLDIERS.

FIRST BARD.

GLIDE on, fair splendid Queen of night,
Through yon serene and sable sky!
White-skirted clouds, blaze all with light!
Darkness, beyond the mountains fly!
Ye winds, your breath restrain!
Thou palely-shining main,
Still all thy swelling waves!
Ye Ghosts, who with malicious joy
Misguided mariners annoy,
Rest in your hollow caves!
Come, fathers, brothers, children, whom
We lost, when lately here before!
Your fame we sung! We rais'd your tombs!
The loss of you we still deplore!
With good-portending omens come,
And welcome us ashore!

Enter

Enter Soldiers.

SOLDIERS.

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

SECOND SOLDIER.

Come on, my brave fellows! Well known is
this ground;

Well known ev'ry object before ye;

'Tis here that our valour by deeds is renown'd,

And establish'd forever our glory.

'Twas but the last year in this harbour we
landed;

By our present brave leaders we then were
commanded.

So hot on yon plain,

We handled the Dane,

That Swaran was bound, his fierce warriors
were slain;

And the war by one battle was ended.

SOLDIERS.

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

And the war by, &c.

THIRD

THIRD SOLDIER.

Incited by noblest ambition we go
Where honour and glory invite us!
The more we're oppos'd, the more ardent we
grow;

No labours, no dangers affright us!
But O the delight! when returning with glory,
Your friends crowd around ye: your ladies
adore ye!

They fly to your arms;—
Then blest in their charms,
You talk of past dangers, of hardships, alarms;
And hear their songs echo your story!

SOLDIERS.

Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!
And hear their songs, &c.

FOURTH SOLDIER.

Glimmering in the moon's pale light,
Yonder stones of dismal white
Mournful mark the places where,
With many a tear,
Our friends we laid.

Some

Some of us too must lie there.

But be not dismay'd:

In Swaran's war, though many fell,

Yet many more were left to tell,

How they with honour fought;
And how they fell, as soldiers ought.

Inevitable fate

Awaits us all!

But come it soon, or come it late,

Like them renown'd we'll fall.

FIFTH SOLDIER.

In hall superb, or hamlet-hut,

When with the shell the song goes round,
Our children yet unborn shall silent sit,

And hear the bards our praise resound.

The ever-animating rhimes

Succeeding bards shall learn from them!

Soldiers of long distant times,

Shall from our valour catch the noble flame,

When spirits, hovering near,

With raptures we shall hear

Our children's latest offspring sing our fame,

Die soon, die late, our spirits live

In joys more pure than sense can give.

SIXTH

SIXTH SOLDIER.

But you that safe return from war
 Your mistress meets with open arms !
 With pride she'll mark each graceful scar
 That heightens all your manly charms.
 Then, then ye warriors, lay aside
 The soldier's frown, the soldier's pride !
 Soft and soothing are th' alarms
 That sound the charge to beauty's arms.

SEVENTH SOLDIER.

He plays a foolish game
 Who hazards life for fame,
 And on that fame relies
 'T' inspire love's flame.
 For should the loss of limbs or eyes
 His strength or beauty maim,
 The ladies would the fool despise
 With all his boasted fame.
 We've seen, while in the bloody field,
 The soldier made his thousands yield,
 By some gay youth in love more skill'd,
 The hero's mistress from him torn !
 How, soldier, how shall this be borne ?

Better

Better with steel hadst thou been kill'd,
Than with a woman's scorn!

EIGHTH SOLDIER.

Away, silly fopling! How vainly ye rave!
To think that such dunces as you,
Will e'er by the fair be esteem'd like the brave,
With victory's wreaths on his brow!
Such painted moth-flies
The ladies despise;
Though rolling your eyes,
Though heaving soft sighs,
Ye think ye are wonderful charming!
Though smiling most sweetly, though looking
so wise,
Though frisking and lisping out ignorant lies,
The conduct of soldiers ye dare criticise,
And of battles and sieges determine!
A soldier who wants both his limbs and his
eyes,
Is worth twenty tribes of such vermin,

A C T V.

Scene, An open field.

DARTHULA, (*alone.*)

AND now, though 'twas our wish, we could
not fly.—

The moon-light face of heav'n, erewhile so
calm,

And seemingly inviting, now is chang'd
To gloomydarkness, and loud-howling storms.
Instead of soft West-winds, the boisterous east
Lets loose his roughest blasts : All nature feels
The dreadful uproar blustering through her
works,

And trembles lest her spacious empire fall.
The shatter'd forest groans, the mountains
shake,

And like continued thunder roar the waves.
How terrible to those who are surpriz'd
Amidst their horrors ! Dreadful too to me !
'Tho' forc'd to fly we could not now escape.
So strong the billows break upon the beach,
'That to encounter them were certain death.

But

But death in any shape is better far
Than here to meet the tyrant's cruelties.

NATHOS, (*entering in haste.*)

Where is DARTHULA? All is lost, my love!
Our treacherous Erinians have deserted,
And join'd the tyrant's troops; our trusty
friends,
The Caledonian troops, beset at once,
O'erpow'r'd by multitudes, e'er yet awake,
Are either slain, or prisoners to Cairbar.

DARTHULA.

O Nathos is there no way to escape?

NATHOS.

Dost thou not hear how furious tempests rage?
Dost thou not hear the billows how they roar,
As if they'd burst the barriers of their strength,
And toss the massy rocks, like froth, in air?
Bare is the rugged bottom in their hollows;
While scarce a passage for our ships is left
Betwixt their lofty ridges and the stars.
And, like a circling wall, the troops of Cairbar
Incompass us around.—What shall we do?
I might indeed rush on their crowded spears,

F f f 2

And

And make with honour my retreat from life.
But what becomes of thee?

DARTHULA.

I will not live!
Death is the danger which I fear the least!

NATHOS.

Come death or life, I will remain with thee!
Farewell, farewell to all the dear, dear hopes
Of mutual love, which flatter'd us so lately!
Now all our hopes are here to die together!

DARTHULA.

O Nathos!—Dost thou love me?

NATHOS.

Why that question?

DARTHULA.

Then send my soul before to wait on thine,
Among the spirits of our friends departed!—

NATHOS.

Shocking to thought! Think'st thou I could
do this?

DART

DARTHULA.

And wilt thou let me live to meet the tyrant,
With all his passions heighten'd by success?
Send, Nathos, send my soul beyond his pow'r!——
I will not mingle with the happy shades,
Till Nathos come!—I'll hover o'er thy head!
I'll strive to turn their weapons from thy heart!——
Their wounds shall first transfix my airy form!——
When thy dear soul comes forth, we'll smiling clasp,
And in each others arms soar to the stars.

NATHOS.

More savage ev'n than Cairbar would he be,
Who could destroy that form of loveliness!

DARTHULA.

No toils, no dangers but thou would'st encounter,

With

With pleasure, to deliver me from death.—
With worse, far worse than death, I'm now
beset!——

'Tis in thy pow'r with ease to rescue me!—
Ev'n with one little stroke!—Is that refus'd?

NATHOS.

Shall Nathos kill DARTHULA? Never, never!
One stroke at Cairbar's heart! That, that
would save thee!

DARTHULA.

Such safety would be foolish to expect!—
Ah! if thou canst not strike, hold here the
sword!

To avoid him I will run upon its point.
Death, which we think so dreadful, soon is
past!

Soon, soon our spirits shall assume new forms,
Perhaps more lovely, better form'd for joy,
And proof against all life's distressing fears!

NATHOS.

If death be such, it is not to be fear'd,
But rather wish'd for!

DAR-

DARTHULA.

Now he comes! he comes!—
I have no hopes, no refuge but in death!—
O Nathos! wilt thou not assist me there?

NATHOS.

That desperate remedy must be the last!

DARTHULA.

'Tis time t' apply that remedy!—He's
here!—
And if thou wilt not, here's a dagger will!—

NATHOS, (*taking the dagger.*)

Forbear, forbear, let me not see thee dead.

Enter Cairbar behind a strong party of spearmen.

CAIRBAR.

Halt! And advance not till you are com-
manded.

Darthula! now thy Nathos stands at bay!
He cannot save thee, or defend himself
From

From instant death against so many spears!

NATHOS.

Yes, murderer, I expect no less than death,
When in thy pow'r!—To-day thou wast in
mine.

I offer'd thee an equal combat then;
But thou com'st like a frightened hedge-hog
now,
Shrunk up within thy prickles. Forward
come
Into the front, and pour thy vengeance forth.

CAIRBAR.

Shall I, who conquer kingdoms, and de-
scend
Of mighty kings, contend on equal terms
With thee, a boy unknown to fame, and
sprung
From subject parents of a small renown?

NATHOS.

Th' excuse is worthy of thy little soul!
Thou dar'st not fight! The cruel ne'er were
brave.

On

On equal terms!—These I demanded not.
These I expect not.—If thou dar'st, come
forward

To danger's front, where leaders ought to be,
I'll fight against thee with this dreadful odds.

CAIRBAR.

I take no counsel of such things as thee.
But, that this Lady may not think me cruel,
Though sometimes forc'd by blood t' assert
my right,
And as I make of thee but small account,
I send thee to thy father safely home.

NATHOS.

On what conditions dost thou offer this?

CAIRBAR.

Conditions! None will I demand of thee!
But thou, fair captive, now become my own
By right of conquest, must with me remain!
Would'st thou do much to save a lover's life?
That life so dear thou may'st with ease pre-
serve.—

If thou with seeming willingness consent
To be my Queen, I now dismiss him safe.

G g g

NA-

(418)

NATHOS.

I value not my life at such a rate.

DARTHULA.

Who can confide in treaties made with Cair-
bar ?

CAIRBAR.

Think how absurd in thee 'tis to refuse
What thou art so unable to withhold !
I only ask, for form's sake, thy consent
To what I can, and am resolv'd to effect,
Whether 'tis given or no.—Since 'tis re-
fus'd,

This instant dies thy lover ; and thyself,
On terms to thee by much less honourable,
Shalt be compell'd t' obedience of my will.

DARTHULA.

I'll die with him ! but shall not live with
thee !

CAIRBAR.

Then all advance upon him.

NATHOS, (*putting himself in a posture of defence.*)

I am ready !

DAR-

DARTHULA, (*running before him.*)

Through me! through me, your spears must
reach his heart!

CAIRBAR.

Despis'd! insulted! I will be reveng'd!
I'll bind thee fast, thou mad presumptuous
boy!

And in thy fight enjoy this haughty maid,
Who dares for thee reject an offer'd kingdom.

NATHOS.

In that, vile murderer, I defy thy pow'r!
Never alive shall I come in thy hands!
I am resolv'd upon a desperate death!
Many shall bleed around me ere I fall!

CAIRBAR.

Secure the Lady first.

NATHOS.

Stand off, ye slaves!
'Tis death to ev'ry ruffian that attempts it.

CAIRBAR.

Come up behind him.

G g g 2

PAR-

DARTHULA, (*going behind is seized.*)

I'll secure thy rear!
Defend thyself in front!—O Nathos! Nathos!
Seiz'd! torn!—Deliver me!—'Tis death I want.

NATHOS, (*turning to her, and killing some.*)

What shall I do? Is there no other way?
Forgive me, my DARTHULA!—O forgive me!
[*Stabs her.*

DARTHULA, (*falling.*)

I thank thee love! 'Twas kindly done!—
Farewell!

SOLDIERS, (*behind.*)

The Lady!

SECOND SOLDIER.

O the Lady!

THIRD SOLDIER.

She is dead!

NATHOS.

There's nothing now in life!

CAIRBAR.

Hold! Strike not yet.

He must be tortur'd for this dreadful murder!
Carry the body hence! Be it thy care,
Old Bard, to see it decently interr'd.

NATHOS.

Dost thou still hover o'er the head of Nathos,
And chide this long delay? Or dost thou
shrink
From thy loth'd murderer?—I murder'd thee!
Cairbar! if thou didst love DARTHULA, strike:
'Twas I that murder'd her!—Revenge her
death!

CAIRBAR.

No! My resentment better is indulg'd,
To see thee live, and thus torment thyself.

NATHOS.

Think'st thou I have a grov'ling soul like
thine,

To

To bear for life remorse and infamy?
No! 'tis determin'd! I will fall with her!
And in my falling—thus avenge our wrongs.

(Breaks in upon them with his sword and shield, kills two or three, and puts them in confusion.—Shouting and noise of fighting without.)

Enter soldiers calling, "Fingal, Oscar, Ossian, Nathos, Ufnobh."—Cairbar's party flying, leaves him exposed.

NATHOS, *(running at Cairbar, who endeavours to get off.)*

Die, king of cruelty! Now let the world
In safety live! DARTHULA, thou'rt reveng'd!

CAIRBAR, *(after he is down.)*

Curse on th' ignoble arm by which I fall!

NATHOS.

Ha! speak'st thou still? Take that to make
thee sure.

Take that for Cormac;—and for Fruthil
this!

But

But, were thy lives as num'rous as thy hairs,
They all were far too little for Darthula.

[Stabbing him often.]

Come all ye spirits dispossess'd by him
Of your fair dwellings ! come, in vengeance,
come,
And drag his cursed ghost to Torture's den !
Thither I'll soon pursue.—

SOLDIERS, *(Shouting.)*

Ho, Nathos ! Ufnoth, ho !

NATHOS.

My father ! Oh ! 'twill break his good old
heart,

Enter Ufnoth and soldiers.

A SOLDIER.

'Twas here the enemy surrounded him.

USNOTH.

Dead bodies here ! Come forward with the
lights !

O Nathos ! art thou here ?

NA-

NATHOS.

I am, my father.

USNOTH.

My Nathos still is left to bless my age!
How is it with my son?

NATHOS.

I've slain the tyrant.
See where the cursed murderer's body lies!

USNOTH.

Bear the detested object from our sight!
I fear, my son, thou hast receiv'd some hurt.
Else wherefore dost thou groan and bite thy
lip?
Why stare so wild? Why thus dejected
frown,
When thou shouldst smile at the proud ty-
rant's fall,
And wear the chearful face of victory?

NATHOS.

The voice of victory shall cheer no more!
Wounded I am not; but in mind much hurt!
I'll

I'll smile no more till I am with Darthula!——

I murder'd her!——I've murder'd all my smiles!——

USNOTH.

What! Murder'd! Who? Darthula! Thou, thyself?

NATHOS.

To free her from the murderer's threaten'd force;

The brutal lust of his detested passion,
No means seem'd possible.——In rash despair

I struck: 'Twas her request.——O fool, rash fool!——

Oh, had you come before Darthula dy'd!—
Had I delay'd till now, we had been happy!

USNOTH.

Be comforted, my son! Some favouring pow'r

H h h

May

May make thee happy where thou dar'st not
hope.

NATHOS.

I have no hopes!—What can I hope?—
What pow'r
Can bring my love, my murder'd fair, to
life?
What can extirpate from my memory
The sad reflection that I kill'd my love?—
I cannot live!—My father! O my father!

USNOTH.

Your sorrows cannot call her back from
death.

NATHOS.

I sent her but before, to follow her.

USNOTH.

What means my son?—Thou wilt not
slay thyself?

NATHOS.

I've slain already dearer than myself!

Dar-

Darthula!—There I suffer'd worse than
death!—

Easier I could have torn my vitals out!—

I promised! I must, I must perform!

Yes, my Dartthula! I will come to thee!—

USNOTH.

O Nathos! Nathos! could'st thou kill thy
father?

But surely killing him were not so bad,
As thus resigning him to what is worse.

NATHOS.

To leave thee, O my father, racks my
soul!

But my sad life could never comfort thee!
Sorrow, remorse, despair, will still infest
My future days!—Darthula waits too long.

USNOTH.

And must thy wretched father die de-
priv'd

Of all his sons!—Lay first this hoary head
Peaceful to slumber in the silent grave!

NATHOS.

NATHOS.

She said her soul would hover o'er my
head,
Till mine came from my breast! Dost thou
not see her;
For she is near!—Dost thou not hear her
voice,
In the low accents of unorgan'd ghosts,
Reproaching me with this unkind delay?

USNOTH.

Must I be now bereft of every joy,
Of every comfort, in the wane of life?

NATHOS.

She gently thank'd me for the murd'ring
wound!
Her last sad looks invited me away!
She in her calm farewell appear'd assur'd,
That to her spirit mine should shortly come!

USNOTH.

Let pity for thy wretched father force
That

That dang'rous weapon from thy desperate
hand.

NATHOS, (*throwing away the sword.*)

Hence, useless instrument, I need thee
not!

I'll resolutely grow to this cold earth,

[Casting himself down.]

Until my rotten limbs mix with the soil,
And my freed spirit to DARTHULA rise.

USNOTH.

Thou last, thou ever dearest of my sons!
Let me die first! Let me not live to see
All, all my family, extinct before me!

Enter DARTHULA, ALBAN.

DARTHULA.

How can he live? Ye only flatter me!
A thousand lances at his breast I saw!
A thousand harden'd murderers wielded
them!

USNOTH.

USNOTH.

Was Colla's daughter lovelier than she?

DARTHULA.

Bring me where bleeding yet his body lies,
And with my tears I'll wash his blood away!

USNOTH.

What lady's this, so mournful and so fair?

DARTHULA.

There!—O my Nathos! Do I see thee
thus?
Thou died for me!—I will be with thee
soon!
Wherefore, O wherefore did ye bring me
back
To life? Detested life!—Oh had I dy'd
We had ere this for ever been united!
We shall be soon united! I will cling
To thy yet warm, but fast-corrupting corse!
And on thy bloody bosom sleep for ever!

NATHOS.

NATHOS, (*raising his head.*)

I come, my love! I hear distinct thy voice!
When shall I see thy lovely, lovely spirit?

DARTHULA.

He speaks! Art thou indeed alive, O Na-
thos?

NATHOS, (*rising.*)

I see thee plainly now! my dear Darthula!

DARTHULA.

He lives! he lives!

[*She faints,*

NATHOS.

What dear delusion's this?
I thought she liv'd, I thought she spoke to
me!
I am distracted! Let me think so still!
And there is joy in everlasting madness!

AL-

ALTHAN.

She lives, and soon will rise to life and
thee.

NATHOS.

Why do ye mock me? Is it well my
friends,
To flatter thus a poor delirious wretch?
How can she live? Did I not murder her?

ALTHAN.

The stroke came from a lover's arm, too
light
To reach the seat of life.—She fainted then,
As now she does.—The tyrant thought her
dead,
And gave to me the care of burying her.
She'll soon revive! The wound is free from
danger.

USNOTH.

Now she recovers! Stand aside, my son,
Left

Lest the surprise should prove too powerful
for her.

DARTHULA.

He is not here!—Ah! was it all a
dream?
I thought I saw my Nathos lying dead;
And when I spoke he started into life!

ALTHAN.

It was no dream, Darthula!—Nathos
lives!
Cairbar is slain!—Thou hast no more to
fear!
Prepare thyself to meet immediate joy!

DARTHULA.

If he's alive, he bleeds in deadly wounds!
Else wherefore would he leave Darthula
now?

NATHOS.

Lest he again destroy that lovely form!—
May I approach? May I come to thy arms?
Welcome from death, to endless love and
joy.

I i i

USNOTH.

USNOTH.

O brightest happiness, from darkest sorrow!
I shall rejoice in my declining years,
And see the children of my Nathos still!

NATHOS.

See, my DARTHULA! See my father here!
He almost sinks beneath excess of joy!
'Twas he restrain'd me; else despair had sent
me
Ere this to seek thee in the shades of death;
And curs'd thy waking with a dreadful
scene.

DARTHULA.

My overflowing heart can scarce contain
These floods of joy: And yet I shudder still,
To think how near impatience had undone
us.

ALTHAN.

When adverse fortune deals her sharpest
blows,
With resolution firm, ye brave, oppose!
Though

Though deep the wounds, though th' anguish
be severe,
Still struggle bravely; still with patience
bear!

Sink not, desponding, under strokes of grief;
But with true fortitude expect relief:

For sorrow's storms in time themselves de-
stroy,

And brighter from their clouds shines the suc-
ceeding joy!

T H E E N D,

